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Spring Season 1988

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Published by the Dublin Grand Opera Society

Editors: Michael McCaffery, David Collopy

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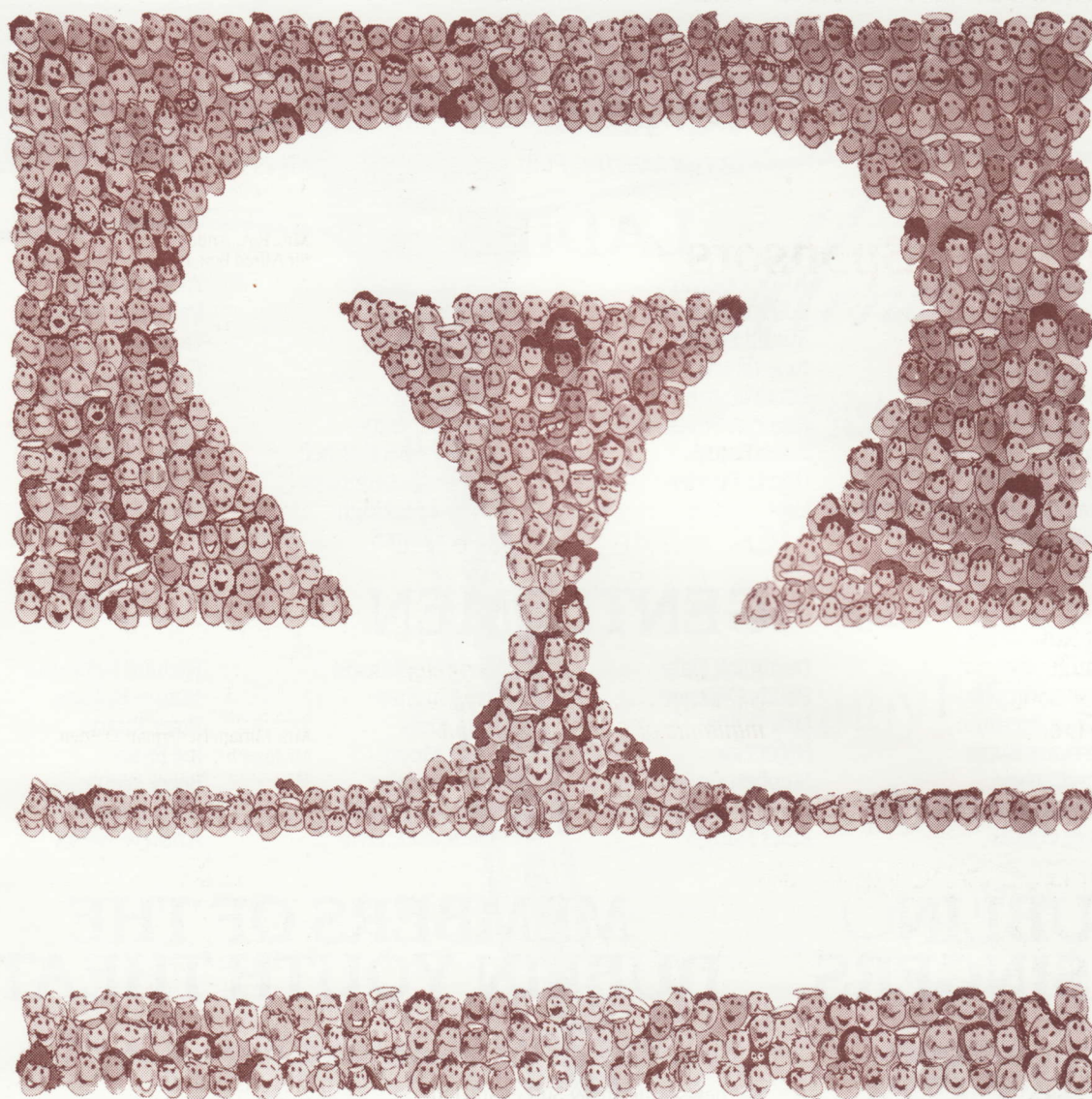
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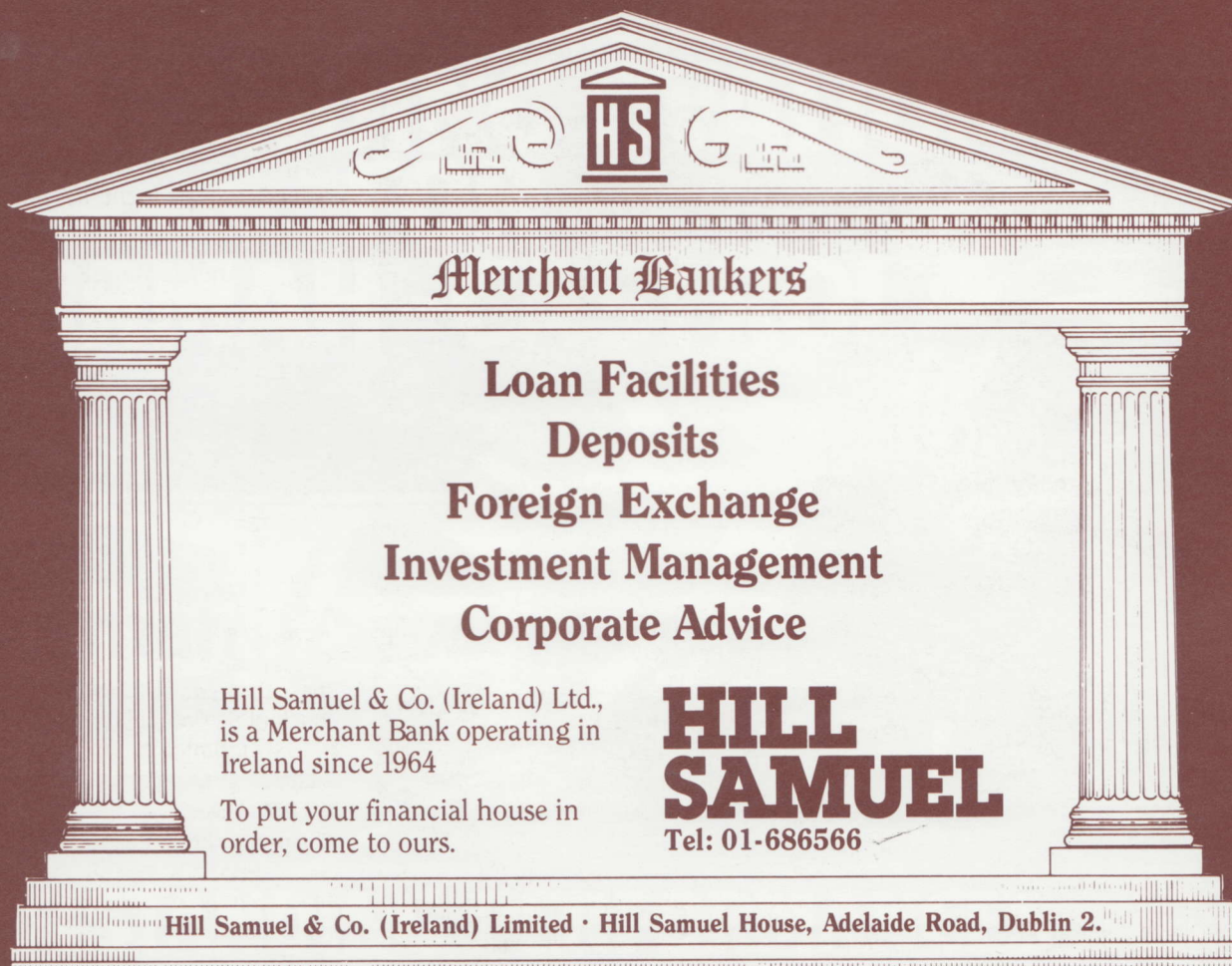
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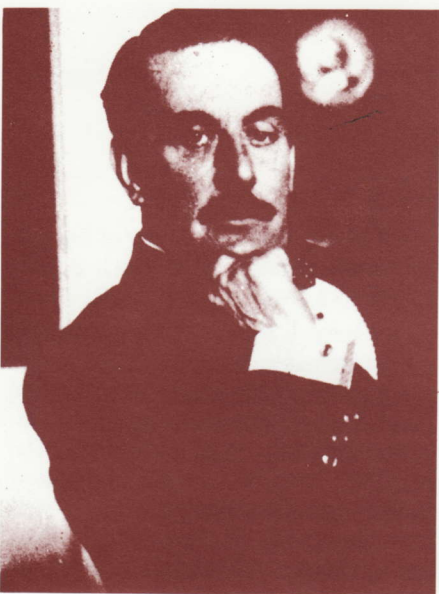
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Tosca

When the proposed libretto for TOSCA was first read aloud, the veteran composer Verdi pronounced it simply the best subject for an opera he had heard in the last ten years. It is even rumoured that he considered setting it himself but gave up the idea because he no longer had the strength to compose such an arduous work. It is difficult to imagine what the outcome might have been, but the great composer's interest must surely have encouraged Puccini to make the most of the opportunities the text offered him.

The subject of Floria Tosca was already well known to theatrical audiences through Victorien Sardou's highly popular drama, premiered in Paris in 1869 and written expressly for Sarah Bernhardt who toured with it for many years. Now little more than a name in the footnotes of dramatic history, Sardou was one of the most powerful and significant dramatists in French nineteenth century theatre. Following the example of his predecessor Scribe, Sardou perfected the "well-made play" as a suitable vehicle for the drama of passions above ideas and set the tone, arguably for half a century, in what came to be known as *boulevard* theatre. Sardou's TOSCA is a very different affair from Puccini's, an opulent custom-drama, intricately plotted and beautifully executed in its powerful juxtaposition of intimate dialogue scenes and splendid coup-de-theatres. A stronger sense of history runs through the play with, perhaps, the disabling side-effects that historical accuracy and period detail can bring to great themes.

Modern audiences might not find the play as disappointing as, say, critics of thirty years ago, when naturalism held its indomitable sway and "rounded characters" were sought as much in the inappropriate location of Aeschylus and Shakespeare, as in the tailored and manicured world of Rattigan and Ayckbourn. Sardou's TOSCA may "lack psychological depth" quite simply because it was not in the author's mind to give it any. It is, in some ways, a stylistic prototype of the *film-noir* and the "women's picture" of the 1940s - the perfect vehicle for the Joan Crawford or a Barbara Stanwyck type, in which brutality and sensitivity co-exist in the same sharp relief as the black-and-white of *Mildred Pierce* or *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.

Puccini saw the operatic potential of these themes and, perhaps aware of how much of Sardou's play would have to go, at first hesitated to work on the subject suspecting that Sardou would withhold his permission.

The project lay fallow for several years in which Puccini's reputation as the principal operatic composer of his age was established beyond doubt with *Manon Lescaut* much of Sardou and *La Bohème*. Seeing a new lease of life for his play,



Sardou willingly let Illica and Giocosa as an improvement on his own play. The extent to which this humility was real might be assessed by the extremely active role the old playwright took in the stage rehearsals for the opera, conducting them, according to one source, with all the enthusiasm and rigour of a man who had composed a masterpiece – and knew it.

Puccini began work slowly on the *Tosca* project, taking two years, it seems, to get into his stride. Composition began with the *Te Deum*, Puccini taking great pains to find a text which suited the tonal pattern he had in mind for the scene. He worked with great concentration, insisting upon extensive revisions from the librettists in the same way that Verdi had with Cammarano and Boito.

By 1898 the first and second Acts were completed and, together with his publisher Ricordi, Puccini looked for a premiere in early 1900. Ricordi decided on Rome as the scene for this prestigious event but did not foresee either the tense political atmosphere in the capital or the widespread opposition to a work with aspects of anti-clericalism or, in some eyes, simple sacrilege.

The opera was strongly cast with singers produced by the *verismo* school. Coincidentally, this had originated at the same theatre with Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* exactly ten years earlier. The artists were spontaneous, almost naturalistic actors, inspired by the softer, less declamatory style favoured by Eleonora Duse, Bernhardt's *alter ego* in technique and effect. A carefully prepared production was mounted by Tito Ricordi and the opera was conducted by Leopoldo Mugnone whose Palermo production of *Bohème* gave Puccini his first real success. Rome resented the importation of new styles and strange faces and an atmosphere of considerable tension developed as the January 14th premiere approached.

The opera began in tumult. Bomb scares and threats of assassination were widespread and it is therefore not surprising that the singers gave a nervous and somewhat raw performance despite careful preparation. The press were not slow in pointing this out, but the necessary vote

of confidence came from the *Corriere della Sera* – unfortunately, a Milanese newspaper – which remarked that the composer of *Tosca* had “to adapt the music to bare facts and swift-changing incidents and to fragmentary, rapid and agitated dialogue... (in which he) has been entirely successful.”

Puccini, sadly, tended to side with his detractors who regarded the opera as something of a failure, but audiences disagreed and *Tosca* became a sensational success. Within a year of its premiere it had appeared in the repertoire of most major houses. The opera was one of the first to be recorded and, like Lehar's *Merry Widow*, proved the inspiration of a wide public with a whole range of “merchandised” products – *Tosca* soaps, hats, even chocolates. Since 1900, many distinguished performers have sung the title role of whom the most famous, in recent times, is surely Maria Callas. The German soprano, Hildegard Behrens triumphed at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, in

1984 in this role. Like many of her predecessors, Behrens is as much a great actress as a diva.

Critics have warmed less to *Tosca* and the problem seems ongoing. The energy and passion of the score have offended many writers who seem to find themselves displaced by its immediacy. The suspicion that the opera is somehow “vulgar” has overshadowed many reports from its Covent Garden premiere (“the public cheered themselves hoarse”) to even sober musicological accounts (“...a shabby little shocker.” – Joseph Kernan, *Opera as Drama*). That the drama appeals directly and without intercession to most who witness it cannot be denied and it is perhaps this that makes it so unappealing to the critics. Mosco Carner, in his study of *Tosca*, has found their like in Baudelaire's Pharisees “...the distributors of praise and blame (who)... have told you that you have no right to feel and enjoy.”



TOSCA

The Story of the Opera

Rome, 1800

ACT ONE. A church.

A terrified political prisoner, on the run from prison and the secret agents employed by Scarpia, Police Chief, makes his way to a church.

The man is Angelotti. He was once Consul of the short-lived Roman Republic. The Republic was established in 1798 on the egalitarian principles which flowed from the French Revolution of 1789 under the inheritor of its republican ideals, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The Roman Republic has been ruthlessly suppressed and its democratic representatives imprisoned. A Bourbon monarchy is re-established. Radicals from the time of the French Revolution had begun to outline a new order for Italy too, in their writings and speeches. With passion and lucidity, intellectuals like Vincenzo Russo of Naples had written of a society, founded on agriculture and equality, restored to democracy and virtue. It was a programme for a revolution that had not even been attempted before it was overwhelmed by waves of reaction from the powers above and, with more tragic irony, from those below. A brutal rustic war was conducted by peasants, farmers and ordinary folk. Led by strange men like Cardinal Fabrizio Ruffo and the famous bandit Fra Diavolo, these roaming bands massacred the very pro-French Jacobins – intellectuals who had supported their liberation. The fury of the peasantry was born of political disappointment. The century of enlightenment, with its great promise of public happiness and a new world, was ending. The conditions of the lives of the poor remained unchanged and they took an ephemeral revenge. The century was ending in an atmosphere of pandemonium, despair and terror. Angelotti, like many of the major figures of the Italian culture and aristocracy who espoused the republican cause, has fallen victim to savage reaction. His sister has organised a refuge in the church, a key to a chapel and a disguise – a woman's clothes – as a means of escape.

This heroic woman is the Marchesa Attavanti. Unknown to her, her portrait is being completed by painter Mario Cavaradossi. Admiring her type, he has

secretly drawn her during her visits to the church as his Mary Magdalene. Her likeness will adorn the very church she has chosen as the perfect hiding place. Fate, unhappily, marks out the identity of another member of the aristocratic radical family of Angelotti.

A sacristan resentfully cleans up after the painter. He grudges work done for a man he detests as a revolutionary, anti-Christian and follower of such French rationalists as Voltaire.

Mario returns to work: his deepest obsessions come to mind, as he paints, and find expression in the celebration he lets loose in song of the passionate dark woman he adores, the singer Floria Tosca. He compares her with the subject he is painting, fair and cool. He rejoices in his love for Tosca, his painter's skill and in a nature which mixes an endless palette of colour and light. He is armoured against the sacristan's disapproving piety, oblivious to the threat of betrayal it might contain.

The painter's sensuous joy in life's gifts is shattered when he recognises the victim of torture and deprivation who emerges from hiding in the chapel as his old republican comrade, Angelotti. Mario promises support. His other passion, politics, is now on the line.

Their reunion is interrupted. A panic-stricken woman, fugitive from her own terror that she will lose what she most loves, now rattles the gate of this same church. Tosca is looking for her lover with a hunger that cannot bear to be denied for a moment. She is sure she heard voices. Her fear of loss teaches her jealousy: it was the sound of a woman, a rival.

Mario, torn between his lover and his political comrade, reassures her of his unchanging love. With all the allure which their shared sensual understanding gives, she invites him to meet her that night at the villa set in a southern orchard with the scents of the south – of thyme and jasmine – on the air, where they have made glorious love. They share to the deepest a mutual adoration and all the strength which that gives them.

The portrait of the beautiful blonde throws Tosca again into turmoil and self-doubt. Perhaps, deep down, Tosca senses the distance between herself, the emotionally stormy female artist, and the heroic and serious woman of political purpose. Perhaps she senses, in those blue eyes, that their fates are linked.

Mario declares finally that all his being is fixed in her, Tosca; and that her dark eyes are incomparable in their power to enforce love.

When Tosca has left, Mario vows that he will give his life for Angelotti. He is inspired by his love for his comrade and his hatred for Scarpia. He, like Tosca, unconsciously recognises fate in that moment: his powerful generous energy is destined to meet the negative whirlwind which is Scarpia: Scarpia who longs to destroy the free thinker Mario and to take sexual possession of Mario's lover, Tosca.

They leave just in time. The sacristan's and choir's celebration of seeming victory against Napoleon – and the extra payment for a *Te Deum* – is summarily silenced by Scarpia himself, on Angelotti's trail.

Hunting clues, Scarpia discovers a fan. It was left by the Marchesa Attavanti as an accessory for her brother's disguise; and it has the Attavanti crest stamped on it. Scarpia connects the fan with the portrait, which he recognises, and the portrait with its painter, Cavaradossi, whom he names a politically suspect man. The sacristan, terrified by Scarpia and desperate for approval, confirms the connection.

When Tosca returns to the church, another piece falls into place. Playing with her jealous fear in the hope that she will lead him to Mario and Angelotti, Scarpia convinces Tosca that the fan was left by another woman, the rival she so dreads. In anguish, Tosca rushes off to confront the one she now fears is faithless. She is followed by Scarpia's spies.

A congregation gathers for the *Te Deum*. Scarpia's mind is filled with images of control, power, manipulation. He imagines Mario's death. He fantasises of Tosca's surrender.

ACT TWO. A room in an official palace.

Later, alone, Scarpia broods over whether Tosca has led his men to their quarry and on his deepest desire: for violent seduction and the satiation of his appetite for conquest.

He is furious when his spy, Spoletta, tells him that no trace of Angelotti has been found. Mario has been arrested instead; he is brought in and interrogated. As Scarpia threatens Mario with torture, Tosca's voice is heard soaring above the choir in a hymn of praise to God, as she sings in a performance in the room below.

A note from Scarpia brings Tosca hurrying to him. Mario is hustled away; she is alone with Scarpia.

Gradually, Scarpia brings Tosca to recognise who has the power in the situation. He forces her to understand how Mario is being tortured in the next room. He makes her listen to her lover's screams.

Tosca and Scarpia confront each other as desperate animals – she a tempest of agonised love, he psychotically compelled to inflict pain. Tosca is unable to bear Mario's physical suffering. She names Angelotti's hiding place.

Scarpia orders the torture to cease and Mario is brought in. The lethal triangle of Tosca, Mario, Scarpia, is complete. Their drives, compulsions and passions cross one another in a conflict which is total and fatal. The news of Napoleon's victory at Marengo and the monarchists' defeat becomes the occasion for Mario to hurl his defiance in a song of absolute opposition to all that Scarpia represents. Tosca is caught between the two men, desperately trying to keep them apart.

Scarpia finally separates and intervenes between the lovers by loudly repeating Angelotti's hiding place. Mario curses Tosca for her betrayal. When Mario is dragged away and Scarpia invites her to drink and talk, Tosca divines his real purposes. Her revulsion arouses him; her hatred he finds exciting. It becomes clear that the price of her lover's life is Tosca's absolute physical surrender.



Drums announce the escort of the condemned man to execution. Tosca offers up to God in song her whole sense of herself as an artist, a woman and a believer; she struggles to come to terms with her desperate situation. Scarpia, implacable, demands her decision in response to her admission that she now feels herself defeated.

When Spoletta brings news of Angelotti's suicide, Scarpia seems to have achieved his twin objectives; Mario is to die, Tosca's spirit has been broken. Both have been tormented and tortured. Abject, Tosca nods her consent to Scarpia's will.

She demands that Mario be freed at once. Scarpia bargains, saying that he must be thought to be dead. He orders Spoletta, in a menacingly coded message, to arrange a mock-execution. He writes out a safe conduct for the lovers, signs and seals it. As he comes to Tosca to claim her, she stabs him. As he dies, she taunts him with all the fury which has been suppressed. When he lies dead at her feet, she purges her rage in the performance of a rite of passage for him, forgiving him and herself.

ACT THREE. A fortress prison.

It is the cruel hour just before dawn. A young shepherd herding his sheep through the city sings in his boyish voice an adult's song of unrequited love and suffering. The homely sounds – of the song, of the sheep bells – merge with the bells of the many churches of Rome, lingering as the stars disappear. A jailer waits out the last of the night.

Mario Cavaradossi, brought in under escort, faces his last dawn. In spite of her betrayal, his feelings gather around Tosca. He begins to write a last farewell to her. He is overwhelmed by the memory of her presence, of their lovemaking. He recalls with terrible pain the details of starlit nights he has spent with Tosca. He is possessed by a vivid, complete awareness of Tosca and of his joy in life: and then, by the loss of both shortly to come.

Tosca is escorted to the prison, bearing the safe conduct. She shows it to Mario: his grief melts. The two share in song a vision of freedom: of a flight across seas, of a world at last newborn after all the broken promises of the century's end. They echo and re-echo their love and the feeling of harmony of colour with which it imbues their lives. They are triumphant in their conviction of a new hope for the future.

Tosca anxiously instructs Mario to act out his death by execution persuasively. The firing squad form up. Spoletta gives the instructions. The shots ring out.

Tosca waits for the soldiers to leave, then rushes to Mario. His body is lifeless.

The circle of tragic deceptions, of apparent safety which turns to danger, of hope for a future happiness now turned to dust, of seeming contracts and actual betrayals, of the promise of life which is now turned to death, now frightens finally. Pursued by Scarpia's henchmen who have discovered his body, Tosca leaps to her death from the fortress, choosing to face her adversary in death and before another Judge.



GIACOMO PUCCINI

Tosca

Opera in Three Acts

Text by Illica and Giacosa
after the play by Victorien Sardou

Sung in Italian

Conductor:..... Albert Rosen
Director: Susan Todd
Designer: Iona McLeish
Lighting:..... Mark Pritchard

Floria Tosca, a famous singer **Margareta Havarinen**
Mario Cavaradossi, an artist **Giorgio Tieppo**
Baron Scarpia, Chief of Police **Anthony Baldwin**
Angelotti, **Jean-Jacques Cubaynes**
Sacristan **Peter McBrien**
Spoletta, Police Agent **Marc Thomson**
Sciarrone, Policeman **Nigel Williams**
Gaoler **Noel O'Callaghan**
The voice of a shepherd **Kathleen Tynan**

Roberti: Stephen Gadd. **Cardinal:** Sean Flanagan. **A Judge:** Louis Moore
A Sentry: Richard Robinson. **Sargeant:** Peter Downes.

Radio Telefis Éireann Symphony Orchestra. Leader: Fionnuala Hunt
(By kind permission of the RTE Authority)

The Dublin Grand Opera Society Chorus.
Chorus Master: Phillip Gilbert

Repetiteur: David Gowland. **Stage Manager:** Andrew Killian.

THERE ARE TWO INTERVALS OF TWENTY FIVE MINUTES EACH.

The performance ends at approximately 10.05 p.m.

Presented at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. April 6, 8, 11, 14 1988 7.30 p.m.

The Genesis of "Il trovatore"

Verdi to Salvatore Cammarano Busseto, 2 January 1851

The subject I should like, and which I now propose, is *El trovador*, a Spanish drama by Gutiérrez. It seems to me very beautiful, rich in ideas and strong situations. I should like to have two female roles: the principal one is a gypsy, a woman of strange character, after whom I would like to name the opera; the other role would be for a supporting singer only. So to work, little man, and be quick about it. you shouldn't have any difficulty finding the play.

Verdi to Cesarino de Sanctis Busseto, 29 March 1851

I am furiously angry with Cammarano. He has absolutely no consideration for time, which is extremely precious to me. He hasn't written me a single word about this *Trovatore*: does he like it or doesn't he? I don't understand at all what you mean by difficulties for "common sense" as well as for *mise-en-scène*. In fact, the more Cammarano can provide me with novelty and freedom of form, the better I'll do. Let him do whatever he likes: the bolder he is, the more pleased I shall be. Only, don't let him lose sight of the public's need for brevity. You're his friend, so it's up to you: urge him not to lose another moment.

Verdi to Cammarano Busseto, 4 April 1851

The scene where Leonora takes the veil must be left in (it is far too original to ignore) – in fact, it must be exploited to the full, with all possible effects. If you're unhappy about having a nun elope of her own free will, then make the troubadour (and all his men) carry her off in a faint.

You're quite right that the gypsy does at one point tell Manrique that he is not her son – but these are words which she lets slip by accident during her narrative, and which she retracts so quickly that the troubadour can't possibly believe them. The cause of the gypsy's failure to save either herself or Manrique is her mother's dying cry for vengeance. At another point she says [these words are in fact spoken by Manrique]: "Stretching out its arms towards me, the awful apparition cried 'Avenge me!' – then hurtled away through the mists, while its cries of vengeance echoed through the air." Remember, too, that the last words of the drama are: "You are avenged."

But you don't say a word about whether you like this play or not. I suggested it precisely because it seemed to offer moments of great dramatic beauty and, above all, something special and original. If you didn't agree, why didn't you suggest something else? In this sort of business, it's best for poet and composer to work in harmony.

As for the distribution of the musical numbers, I can only say that, when I am given verses set to music, any form, any scheme will do; in fact, the more novel and



bizarre they are, the happier I am. If operas contained neither *cavatinas*, nor *duets*, nor *trios*, nor *choruses*, nor *finales*, etc. etc., and if the whole opera was in fact one continuous piece (I can think of no other way of expressing it), that would make perfect sense to me. For this reason I'd prefer it if we could avoid beginning this opera with the Chorus (that's how all operas begin) or Leonora's *cavatina*, and actually start with the troubadour's song, thus making one act out of the first two. All these separate numbers, with scene-changes after each one, always seem more like concert-pieces to me than opera. If you can, do as I suggest. I might also add that I'm none too pleased with Manrique's being wounded in the duel. But do as you think best. When one has a Cammarano, only good can come of it.

Verdi to Cammarano Busseto, 9 April 1851

I have read your scenario, and, as a man of talent and noble character, you will not, I hope, be offended if I, in my most niggardly fashion, take the liberty of saying that, if we cannot adapt this subject for the Italian stage with all the novelty and bizarre character of the Spanish original, it would be better to abandon it altogether.

Unless I'm wrong, it seems to me that several scenes lack their former force and originality. Azucena, in particular, has lost her strange and novel character: this woman's two great passions, *filial love* and *maternal love*, no longer seem to be present in all their power. As one example, I'd prefer that the troubadour was not wounded in the duel: this poor troubadour has so little personality as it is, that he'd have nothing left if we took away his bravery as well. What attraction could he have then for such a noble lady as Leonora? I'd prefer that Azucena didn't address her narrative to the Gypsies, or, in the third act, say "*Tuo figlio fu arso vivo* etc. etc. ... *ma io non v'era!*" (Your son (sic) was burned alive... but I wasn't there), and finally I don't want her to go mad in the last scene. Then again, I should like you to leave the big aria out!! You have given Leonora no part in the chant for the dead and the troubadour's song – and this seems to me one of the best places for an aria. If you're afraid of giving Leonora too big a role, leave out her *cavatina*. To express my thoughts better, I'll go into more detail about how I think this subject should be treated:

Part 1 Prologue

1. Opening number – the chorus and introductory narrative are fine. Suppress Leonora's *cavatina*, and write an imposing

2. Trio, beginning with De Luna's recitative, then the troubadour's song, Leonora's scene and challenge, etc. etc.

Part 2

Gypsies, Azucena and the troubadour (who has been wounded *in battle*).

3. Gypsies sing a strange, fantastic chorus. While they are carousing, Azucena intones a lugubrious song. The gypsies interrupt because it is too sorrowful. "*Funesta come la storia che ne fù l'argomento! Voi non la conoscete... Sarai vendicata!*" (Just as sad as the story that inspired it... you don't

know her... you shall be avenged). These words agitate the troubadour who, until this moment, has been standing lost in thought. Day dawns and the gypsies disperse over the mountainside, repeating a part of their chorus, etc. The troubadour, left alone with his mother, begs her to tell him the story which so horrified him. Narrative etc. Duet with Alfonso (later referred to as Manrique) which must keep to free and new forms.

4. Duet with Alfonso – it seems to me inappropriate for Azucena to recount her narrative in the presence of the gypsies and let slip the few words about her having abducted De Luna's son and having sworn to avenge her mother.

5. Scene of Leonora's taking the veil etc. etc. and finale.

Part 3

6. Chorus and De Luna's *romanza*.

7. Ensemble. The dialogue, or rather interrogation, in the Spanish play reveals the character of the gypsy very clearly. On the other hand, if Azucena reveals who and what she is, she immediately puts herself into the hands of her enemy, and loses her chance of vengeance. It's good to have Fernando (sic) arouse the Count's suspicions, and to have the Count startle Azucena by referring to himself as De Luna. In this manner, she is recognized by Fernando, and does not betray herself, except with the phrase which escapes her, "*Taci, che se lo sa m'uccide!*" (Quiet, if he knows that he will kill me). Very simple and beautiful are Azucena's words when asked "*Dove vai?*" (Where are you going? "*Nol so: vissi sulle montagne: avea un figlio: m'abbandonò: vado a cercarlo...*" (I don't know. I lived in the mountains, had a son – he left me. I am going to look for him).

8. Leonora's recitative. Recitative and narrative of Manrique's dream, followed by

9. Duet between him and Leonora. He reveals to his bride-to-be that he is the son of a gypsy. Ruiz announces that his mother has been captured. he rushes off to save her, etc. etc.

Part 4

10. Leonora's big aria, interwoven with the chant for those about to die and the troubadour's song.

11. Duet for Leonora and De Luna.

12. Don't make Azucena mad. Exhausted with fatigue, with sorrow, terror and lack of sleep, she is unable to speak rationally. Her senses are overwrought, but she is not mad. You must keep in sight to the end this woman's two big passions: her love for Manrique, and her wild desire to avenge her mother. When Manrique is

dead, her feeling of revenge becomes gigantic, and she cries in exaltation "*Si, luci, luci – egli è... tuo fratello... Stolto!... Sei vendicato, o madre!...*" (Yes, lights, lights – he was your brother. Fool!... You are avenged, O mother!!)

Please forgive my boldness: I am probably wrong, but I couldn't help telling you everything I felt. Moreover, my first suspicion that this drama did not appeal to you is perhaps true. If this is so, we are still in time to remedy matters, rather than do something you don't like.

Verdi to Cammarano

Busseto, 9 September 1851

An accumulation of misfortunes – and grave ones! – has prevented me thinking seriously about *Il trovatore* till now. Now that I am beginning to recover my energy, I must also concern myself with my art and my business affairs. Rome and Venice have asked me for an opera. the Rome company is more suited to *Il trovatore*, but they lack the singer for Azucena, that Azucena that means so much to me!

Jacavacci, Impresario of the Teatro Apollo, to Cammarano, 18 November 1851

In my opinion, the censor's modifications cannot substantially injure the action. As you will see, instead of witches they must be called gypsies. Outlaws and political partisans cannot be mentioned either. In place of "burning at the stake", which might be attributed to the Holy Office (Inquisition) of the time, it can simply be called "sentence of death"...

Leonora must not let the audience see that she takes poison, since suicide is forbidden – but you can alter that.

Instead of using the organ, off-stage choruses and that type of music can, if you wish, be accompanied by a large accordion, which has the same tone (as was done in *Stiffelio*): but there must be neither sacred nor immoral words at any point.

Leonora must approach no closer than the vestibule of the convent. In fact, you must mention neither Church, Convent nor Holy Orders.

But you, who are (without idle flattery) leading opera poet of the day, can imply all these things without meeting any opposition from the censor.

Verdi to Cammarano

Busseto, 3 July 1852

I shall give *Il trovatore* to Rome, if I hear good reports of Signora Penco (the proposed Leonora), if they find me another prima donna (for Azucena), and if

the censors permit the libretto. I entreat you therefore to finish it at once and send me the rest of it. Also, please give a copy to Jacavacci for him to submit to the censor's office. It is agreed that, if they only require a few phrases to be changed, then we'll have to comply – but not to the extent of spoiling the libretto.

Verdi to Cammarano

Busseto, 19 July 1852

I have received the last of *Il trovatore*. I read and re-read it with increasing pleasure. These verses of yours are full of originality, of passion, of life.

(Cammarano had, in fact, died on 17 July, a week after completing the libretto.)

Verdi to De Sanctis

Busseto, 5 August 1852

I was thunderstruck by the sad news of our friend Cammarano. It is impossible to describe to you my deep grief! I read of his death not in a kind letter, but in a stupid theatrical journal!!! You, who loved him as I did, will understand all the things I cannot say. Poor Cammarano!! What a loss!!

Verdi to De Sanctis

Busseto, 29 September 1852

I quite agree that the changes in *Il trovatore* should be made by this young poet friend of poor Cammarano (Leone Emanuele Bardare). This is what is involved:

First, in Part Two, I should like a characteristic *canzone* for Azucena (which I could make play with, musically speaking, at different points in the drama). Instead of the two verses "*stride la vampa*" etc. etc., on which it would be difficult to make a popular theme, I should like two verses of six lines each, as for example (you can laugh!!):

*Stride la vampa, la folle indomita
Urli di gioia al cielo innalza
Cinta di sgherri giunge la vittima
Sorride, scherza, la folle indomita
Urli di gioia innalza al ciel...*

...This would have to be the form and the metre. The poet can modify and do as he thinks best.

Secondly, in the finale (the old one) of Part two, I should like to write an aria for the Count, and so remove the *romanza* from Part Three, as was agreed with Cammarano. It will need an *adagio cantabile* of eight or ten lines after the line "*novello e più possente ella ne appresta*" etc. [But now she's raised another obstacle between us] or where he thinks best. Then, when

he says to his followers "*di quei faggi all'ombra celatevi*" (hide yourselves in the shadow of those trees), I should like the chorus, as it departs, to sing a verse (in septenarii) in a fragmented, *sotto voce* style, which I should play off against the following *cabaletta*, which would perhaps be quite effective.

Thirdly. A *cantabile* is missing in Leonora's grand aria in Part Four. The very beautiful verses "*Quel suon, quelle preci*" (That sound, these prayers) etc. only lend themselves to a declamatory *lento*. So it will be necessary to add eight or ten passionate and beautiful lines after the recitative "*Arreci i miei sospiri*" (Waft my sighs to him).

Verdi to De Sanctis

Sant' Agata, 14 December 1852

Il trovatore is finished, and on the 25th I shall be in Rome. I must trouble you once again to consult the poet Bardare. In the second-act finale I have, almost without noticing it, made the *primo tempo* not an *adagio* of the kind that is always employed, but a more animated, lively section.

If I am not mistaken, it has come out well; at least I have done it the way I feel it. I should have found a *largo* impossible. After that I thought of suppressing the *stretta*, especially as it doesn't seem to be necessary for the drama, and perhaps Cammarano only wrote it to follow custom. As I have set it, it turns out more original in form, perhaps more effective, and above all short (which is no bad thing, especially in this libretto, which is rather long).

I have also curtailed Leonora's last words, and instead of setting twelve lines, which in the position would have had an absolutely frigid effect, I have set just five in recitative, making of almost all Cammarano's words.

Let Bardare alter any word he thinks necessary. And, if he thinks it best to leave them as Cammarano had them, I should not object. But it does seem to me that these are things that would do no harm to the libretto and which are of great benefit to the theatrical effect.

Verdi to De Sanctis

Rome, 1 January 1853

The last finale puts me in some confusion, because I have had to write the music without awaiting your reply,

and the musical layout is such that it would be impossible for me to set the lines you mention. For my part I maintain that five lines of recitative would not spoil the effect, at least not as much as six rhymed lines would. To say "*sei vendicata o madre*" (You are avenged, O mother) and to say "*tarda vendetta!... ma quanto fiera avesti o madre*" (A late vengeance!... But how cruelly you have enjoyed it, O mother) is the same thing as far as the drama is concerned – except

that the former is shorter and more suitable.

Verdi to Clarina Maffei

Sant' Agata, 29 January 1853

You will have heard about *Il trovatore*: it would have been better if the company had been complete. They say that this opera is too sad and that there are too many deaths. But finally, in life all is death! What else exists?

© Nicholas Payne

The Drama of *Il trovatore*

It is a commonplace to say that *Il trovatore* has the most confused and ridiculous plot in all opera. Gilbert and Sullivan's parody of the switch of babies in *The Gondoliers* is one contribution to the myth. In fact the text is one of the best ever offered to Verdi, and the plot is simple to understand.

Il trovatore was the last opera of Salvatore Cammarano, the respected Neapolitan poet and author of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. For Verdi he has already written *Alzira*, *The Battle of Legnano* and *Luisa Miller*; when the composer suggested three subjects: Victor Hugo's *Le Roi s'amuse* (which became *Rigoletto*), the Spanish play *El Trovador*, and *Re Lear* after Shakespeare. Verdi's seriousness of purpose is shown in his letter of 2 January 1850: "The subject which I should like, and which I now propose is *El Trovador*, a Spanish drama by Gutiérrez. It seems to me very beautiful, rich in ideas and strong situations". And on 9 April 1851 he wrote to Cammarano: "I would be better to give up this subject if we cannot manage to retain all the boldness and novelty of the Spanish play".

Verdi's admiration for the play has not been shared by W.H. Auden, whose interesting lecture on *The Mythical World of Opera* contains the following misapprehension: "In a spoken play, for example, I think we should laugh if we were told that a woman had been careless enough to throw her own baby into the fire instead of the child of her enemy, but when this happens in *Il trovatore* we have little difficulty in swallowing it. Again the emotional persuasiveness of

music is so much greater than that of words!" It is doubtful whether Gutiérrez's audience laughed at the gypsy's horrifying mistake or if times have changed all that much. When Fred helps to stone his own baby in Edward Bond's *Saved*, there is usually no mirth in the theatre. To Verdi, brought up in war-torn Italy, such horrors were very close. "People say the opera is too sad, and that there are too many deaths in it," he wrote. "But after all death is all there is in life. What else exists?"

What had appealed to Verdi were the dilemmas experienced by each of the four leading characters. Azucena's "two great passions, her love for Manrico and her wild desire to avenge her mother, must be sustained to the end" wrote Verdi to Cammarano. Similarly he exposes Leonora committing a hateful act for love; Manrico sparing his enemy because of a deep, subconscious sympathy; the Count swaying perilously between glowing tenderness and unbridled jealousy. None of the characters is explored in death as are *Rigoletto* or *Violetta*. In *Il trovatore* the drama is not of character but of action, the difference of approach being not of quality but of kind. For instance Leonora's devotion to Manrico, based on such fleeting acquaintance, could have been developed psychologically, but it is not. Proof of its strength is given by her action in Act I. *Il trovatore* is a story not of people but of passionate emotions conjured from a canvas of war.

To understand how Verdi and Cammarano build and develop their drama in the swiftest possible way, it seems best to

look at a single scene within the opera. Part II Scene I typically combines narrative and advancement of the plot. A stirring chorus with anvils for percussion sets the scene of the rebels' encampment. The four-square rhythm changes to 3/8 as Azucena abruptly launches into a vivid recreation of her mother's death, so that her obsession is established from the outset. The remainder of the scene is an extended duet between Azucena and Manrico, a flexible manipulation of the traditional Italian scena. This musical form consists of an introductory recitative leading into an aria (usually a cavatina or aria in a single section as opposed to the da capo aria in three parts favoured by Handel). There follows an interruption or change of mood which sparks off the cabaletta or final section. The scena was the basic unit used by Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, and it is predominant in all the early operas of Verdi. His later development shows how he gradually frees himself of his excellent strait-jacket. Just how far he had gone at the time of *Il trovatore* is evident from this scene.

Manrico begins by asking Azucena for a retelling of the "storia funesta" of her mother's death, thus giving the utmost emphasis, in a text otherwise noted for brevity, to this cruel event of past history. Cammarano takes the opportunity of expanding the story to include her account of how she killed the wrong child, and Verdi chops up the narrative in an insistent 6/8 rhythm with violent contrasts between forte and pianissimo. At the words "Ei distruggeasi in pianto io sentiva il core, dilaniato, infranto", describing how her heart was moved by the baby's crying, Verdi broadens the melody giving her an impassioned rising sixth on the word "core".

The narration over, the scena proper begins with Manrico understandably questioning his ancestry. She cites her care for him as proof of a mother's love and asks why he spared the Count's life when he had disarmed him in the duel in Act 1. Manrico's aria, describing how his hand was arrested by a cry from heaven, deserves quoting in full as an example of perfect understanding between composer and librettist. It is not great poetry, but it is clear, apt and expressive. The verses build up to their own climax, though it is hard to tell whether the effect comes from the words or the music: which is as it should be.



"Mal reggendo, all'aspro assalto, ei già tocco il suolo avea;
balenava il colpo in alto, che trafiggerlo,
trafiggerlo dovea.

Quando arresta, quando arresta in moto arcano, nel discender, nel discender questa mano.

Le mie fibre acuto gelo, fa repente abbrivir, mentre un grido vien dal cielo, mentre un grido vien dal cielo che mi dice: Non ferir."

It is a cantabile melody set against a "big guitar" orchestral accompaniment. Verdi has seized on the key words with a force that makes them inseparable from the music. (Try singing the tune without the words and much of the effect is lost.) The repetition of phrases and the feverish "Le mie fibre acuto gelo" create a mystical excitement culminating in the heavenly command: "Non ferir". Azucena's replay, "Ma nell'alma dell'ingrato non parlo del cielo un etto", strikes back as if torn from her entrails. Manrico swears not to spare his rival again. A horn call interrupts them and a messenger tells of Leonora's entry into the convent, thus foreshadowing the next scene. Manrico makes to leave, but Azucena implores him to stay in a conventional 3/8 time cabaletta. After a single verse the key changes, and Manrico succumbs to the passion that overwhelms all obstacles in a tune of

impatience on the brink of violent happiness, which is irresistibly urgent. He rushes away leaving the gypsy alone.

Three points arise from the analysis of this scene. First that the music and words are indivisible; you cannot accept the tunes and repudiate the verses. Second, that the stuff of *Il trovatore* is the heightened emotions of the four principals, which are common feelings stripped to their essence. In this instance they are the obsessive recollections of Azucena and the unreasoning passion of Manrico. Azucena starts with the initiative but is challenged as the scene develops. When Manrico breaks in on *her* cabaletta with *his* change of key, he has wrested the initiative, and the scene ends in his victory. Third, we see that Cammarano's style is to bring each character in turn out of the darkness and to expose their desires so that they are for that moment shared by the audience.

The author's method appears most forcibly in the last act, where Leonora emerges from the shadows of the drama to take control of everybody's destiny. But it may be seen in close succession at the end of Part II. The tableau consists of the entry into the convent, Leonora retreating from the world. Suddenly, the Count springs forward to challenge events, but is almost at once supplanted by the surprise arrival of Manrico. This leads to an ensemble with each character striving for supremacy, until Verdi stills the clamour. The voice of Leonora enters, alone at first, and in one great phrase – "Sei tu dal ciel disceso, o in ciel son io conte" – gathers the collected feelings within a single span.

Only opera can do this, and only a composer of Verdi's genius can do it so well. However great the merits of Cammarano, *Il trovatore* would be nothing without its composer. The dramatic essence of the opera is in the welded phrases, in which all the elements (including the librettist's skill) are compounded. Everything concerned with the drama is drawn into a single concerted phrase or melody, which embodies all the conflicts and the subtleties in a statement of absolute simplicity. This is Verdi's supreme quality. It is prevalent throughout *Il trovatore*, the culmination both in time and intensity of his early operas.

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IL TROVATORE

The Story of the Opera

ACT ONE. The Duel

In the guardroom of the Castle Aliaferia, soldiers and servants drowsily await the return of the Count di Luna. They have been appointed to keep watch while the Count roams the Castle gardens in search of the young troubador who serenades the lady Leonora every night. Ferrando, Luna's lieutenant, arrives with the night watch. How dare they sleep when their master is kept awake by the torments of love? They ask him to tell them a story while they wait and he repeats a story all the more terrible because it is true.

The old Count di Luna had two sons – one a mere baby. One night an old gypsy was found crouched over the cot. Terrified that she had cast a spell on the baby, the old Count condemned her to death at the stake. Her daughter Azucena kidnapped the baby boy who was never seen again. But the charred bones of a boy were found on the gypsy's fire. Ferrando concludes that Azucena is still abroad in the world, working her evil magic against the young Count di Luna. He lashes the listeners into a frenzy of hatred and superstition against the gypsies, now involved in a rebellion in the north; and, as their anger reaches its peak, an alarm bell sounds in the castle. Soldiers and servants flee in every direction to protect their master, his royal guests and themselves.



Scene Two

Leonora, an attendant of the Queen, waits every night in the garden for a mysterious love. Her friend, Inez, urges her to go inside to the Queen but Leonora refuses. She tells Inez of a tournament two years ago at which a mysterious knight in black armour won a glorious victory. She crowned him with laurels and fell in love with him. Then the Civil War broke out and she has not seen him since. She is sure he will return to her and believes that the mysterious troubador may be her lost love. Inez warns her against this immoderate passion but Leonora lashes out at her. Her love is glorious, all-consuming and she will follow it to her death. Inez prays that she will not live to regret her folly and takes her back into the palace.

The young Count di Luna emerges from the shadows. Torn with love for Leonora, he is about to go to her when he hears the troubador's song. Leonora returns, ecstatic and her lover appears before her in the moonlight. Luna confronts them. The stranger announces that he is Manrico and Luna recognises him as the leader of a band of rebels against the Crown. The Count challenges him to fight and, though Leonora pleads for Luna to spare her lover, the two men begin a duel.



ACT TWO. The Gipsy

In a rebel camp in the mountains, the gypsies welcome a new day which they hope will bring them victory. Two figures are apart from them – Manrico, wounded and exhausted and the gipsy Azucena, whom he knows as his mother. Azucena casts a cloud over the gypsies' optimistic songs, intoning a strange ballad in which she recalls the burning of an old woman, the shouts of hatred from Luna and his men and the flames flashing up to heaven, crying out for vengeance. The rebels depart, leaving mother and son together.

Manrico asks his mother to explain the story. She tells him that the woman in the fire was his grandmother. More horrible revelations follow: Azucena confesses that she kidnapped Luna's son and that she cast a child into the flames to appease her dying mother, realising too late that it was her own baby and not Luna's that she had sacrificed.

Her heart-rending cries terrify Manrico. If she sacrificed her own child, then whose son is he? Quickly coming to her senses, she assures him that **he** is her child and that her senses were disturbed again at the memory of her mother. What more proof does he need? Did she not comb the fields of dead at the Battle of Pellila? Did she not bring him home for dead and nurse him, day and night, back to life? He should have slaughtered Luna in the duel they fought, but his honour made him spare their enemy. Why, Azucena demands, did he not kill Luna then? Manrico replies that he was ready to strike but that a heavenly voice told him to be merciful.

Ruiz, Manrico's second, arrives with news that Leonora believes he is dead and is about to enter a convent rather than give herself to Luna. Manrico decides to go to her but Azucena, knowing that Luna will again challenge him, tries to stop him from going. Manrico insists and, leaving Azucena, rides off to the Convent.



Scene Two

Luna, having failed to win Leonora's love, has decided to take her by force. He talks excitedly of his love and of the glorious victory he will feel when he takes the woman who has resisted and humiliated him for so long. The Ceremony of Induction begins and Luna and his men hide. Leonora arrives to take her vows but Luna surprises her and is about to abduct her when Manrico appears miraculously to save her. His followers arrive with the news that the royalist forces have been defeated and that the rebel leader Urgel has given Manrico command of the district. Luna concedes defeat and Manrico and Leonora leave to be married.

ACT THREE. The Gipsy's Son

Scene One

Luna has mustered his forces and is preparing to lay siege to Manrico's stronghold. His rage borders on madness as he thinks of Leonora lying in Manrico's arms.

Ferrando tells him that they have arrested a strange woman in the camp and Luna commands that she be brought to him. Azucena is brought in, bound, and is cross-examined by the Count and Ferrando. She answers elliptically, confident of outwitting them, until Ferrando recognises her as the old gipsy's daughter. Luna orders her execution but she cries out for Manrico to save her. Seeing a double reason for her death, Luna orders her to be burned. Azucena warns him against divine retribution.



Scene Two

Leonora and Manrico are alone and ask for blessings on the chastity and purity of their noble love before marriage. Ruiz arrives and tells Manrico that Azucena has been captured and will die. Manrico sees the stake being prepared and calls his men to rescue her. Bewildered, Leonora asks why her knight should do this. Manrico tells her he is the gipsy's son and goes off to rescue Azucena from the flames.

ACT FOUR. The Punishment

Manrico's mission has failed and he is now imprisoned by Luna, awaiting execution. Ruiz brings Leonora to the castle walls but does not want to leave her. Glancing at a ring, she swears she will be safe. In the chapel, monks begin to chant the Office of the Dead. Manrico calls out Leonora's name, while she sees only Death like a cloud over the whole world.

Luna appears, ordering Manrico and his mother should die at dawn. Leonora comes out of the shadows and begs for Manrico's life, finally offering herself to Luna. He accepts and Leonora, taking poison from her ring, goes with him.



Scene Two

Azucena is demented at the thought of the fire. Manrico tries to calm her. Leonora suddenly appears to set him free. She tells him that she will go with Luna to save him. As Manrico sees her dying, his anger abates. Luna sees her fall and, realising the trick she has played, sends Manrico to the scaffold. He drags Azucena to watch. As the axe falls on Manrico's head, Azucena tells Luna that the dead hero is not her son but his own brother. Her vengeance is complete.

A note on the musical aspect of the production.

In the entire repertoire of opera, *Il Trovatore* is probably the most overlaid with "traditional" practices and cuts.

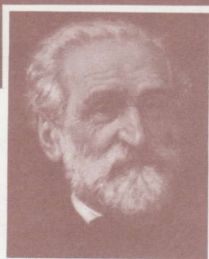
The great problem in realising it is to eliminate from one's ear the received version – "what everyone does" – and to recreate a performance innocently, as if the piece had never been performed. In order to attempt such a reappraisal, one has to have a firm grasp of the historical perspective in which one must view *Il Trovatore*: what preceded it is much more important than what follows it. Its starkness and originality are seen far more clearly if viewed in the context of the works of Donizetti, Pacini and Mercadante, Verdi's older contemporaries.

This is not to be academic: much of the subtlety of Verdi's score has been ironed out by insistence on volume of voice and high notes where flexibility of dynamic is what is required; and where many of the traditional high notes, such as the notorious C at the end of the tenor's aria in Act Three, are interpolations which are unacceptably unstylistic.

Our aim, therefore, in preparing this performance has been to look meticulously at Verdi's text, making very few alterations traditional or otherwise, always examining critically any traditional procedure, making only two cuts of exact repetitions which seem unimportant structurally and, above all, paying great attention to details of dynamics, phrasing and underlay of words.

All this has always been in the spirit of bringing Verdi's music to life on its own terms. The process has been similar to the restoration of an old painting – cleaning away the dirt and finding the masterpiece revealed in all its colourful glory beneath.

David Parry.
Dublin. April 1988



GIUSEPPE VERDI

Il Trovatore

Opera in Four Parts

Text by Salvatore Cammarano

Sung in Italian

Conductor:..... David Parry
Director: Michael McCaffery
Designer: Vikki Mortimer
Lighting: Mark Pritchard

Ferrando, lieutenant Alastair Miles
Leonora } Ladies in Waiting Francesca Arnone
Inez Marie Walsh
Count di Luna Luis Giron May
Manrico, the troubador Fabio Armiliato
Azucena Evghenia Dundekhova
A Gipsy Noel O'Callaghan
A Messenger Barry Webb
Ruiz Marc Thompson

Radio Telefis Éireann Symphony Orchestra. Leader: Fionnuala Hunt

(By kind permission of the RTE Authority)

The Dublin Grand Opera Society Chorus.

Chorus Master: Phillip Gilbert

Repetiteur: Jonathan Nott. **Stage Manager:** Pauline Menear.

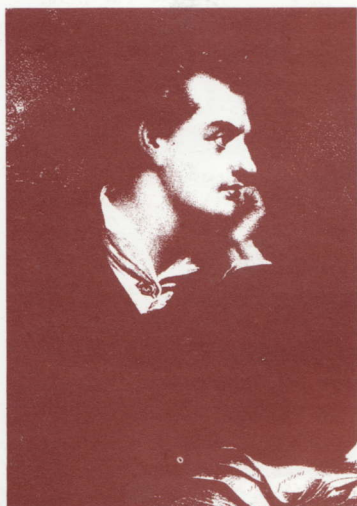
THERE WILL BE ONE INTERVAL OF TWENTY FIVE MINUTES BETWEEN PARTS TWO AND THREE.

The performance ends at approximately 10.20 p.m.

Presented at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. April 7, 9, 13, 16, 1988. 7.30 p.m.

Our Ancient Friend . . .

Don Juan has appeared throughout the last five centuries in various disguises – libertine, philosopher, Casanova or martyr. To every age he has spoken in a different tone, the deeds for which he is renowned becoming less important as his attitude to them comes into prominence. He is, like Hamlet and Faust, “a mirror in which each new age sees itself reflected”.

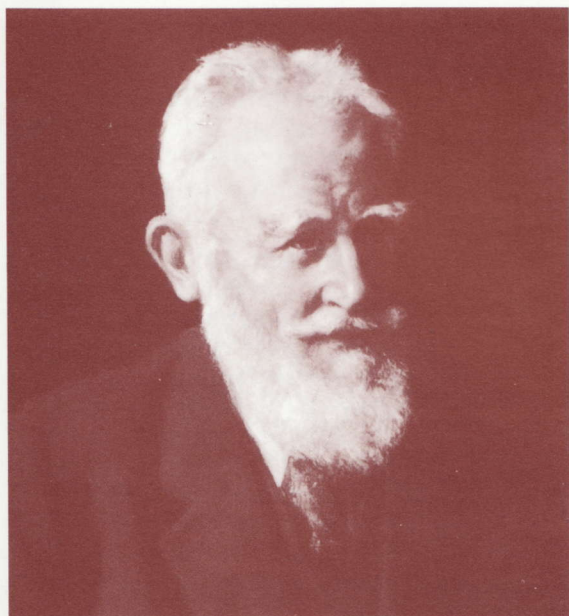


I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one,
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,
The age discovers he is not the true one:
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,
I'll therefore take our ancient friend Don Juan –
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

George Gordon, Lord Byron Don Juan

... What does the beginning of manhood and womanhood mean in most people's mouths? You know: it means the beginning of love. But love began long before that for me. Love played its part in the earliest dreams and follies and romances I can remember – may I say the earliest follies and romances that we can remember – though we did not understand it at the time. No: the change that came in me was the birth of moral passion and I declare that, according to my experience, moral passion is the only real passion.

Bernard Shaw: Man and Superman, Act 1 1903.



*Ana:*1 Don Juan, a word against chasity is a word against me.
*Don Juan:*1 I say nothing against your chastity, Senora, since it took the form of a husband and twelve children. What more could you have done if you had been the most abandoned of women?
*Ana:*1 I could have had twelve husbands and no children: that's what I could have done, Juan. And let me tell you that that would have made all the difference to the earth which I replenished.
*Don Juan:*1 Suppose Ottavio had died when you were thirty: you would never have remained a widow: you were too beautiful. Suppose the successor to Ottavio had died when you were forty: you would still be irresistible; and a woman who marries twice, marries three times if she becomes free to do so. Twelve lawful children borne by one highly respectable woman to three different fathers is not impossible nor condemned by public opinion. That such a lady may be more law-abiding than the poor girl we used to spurn into the gutter for bearing one unlawful infant is true; but dare you say she is less self-indulgent?
*Ana:*1 She is more virtuous: that is enough for me.
*Don Juan:*1 In that case, what is virtue but the Trade Unionism of the married?

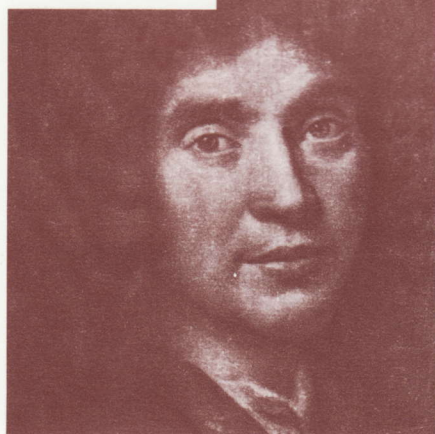
Bernard Shaw: Don Juan in Hell, 1903.



... DON JUAN

There's nothing so delightful as to triumph over the resistance of a beauty. I have the ambition of conquerors, in this case, who fly perpetually from victory to victory, and never can resolve to set bounds to their wishes. There's nothing can resist the impetuosity of my desires; I find I've a heart to be in love with all the world, and like Alexander, I could wish there were other worlds, that I might carry my amorous conquests thither.

*J.B.P. de Molière
Don Juan or the
Statue's Feast 1665.*



What a monstrous mistake that the individual alone is not a whole! And the greater his longing to be a whole the greater the curse that is put upon him, he is so much at the mercy of the opposite sex that it can drain the last drop of his blood. What have we done to deserve that? And yet I should be grateful, I know. My only choice is to be dead or to be here. Grateful for the prison amidst the gardens of Paradise!
Max Frisch: Don Juan or the Love of Geometry, 1954.



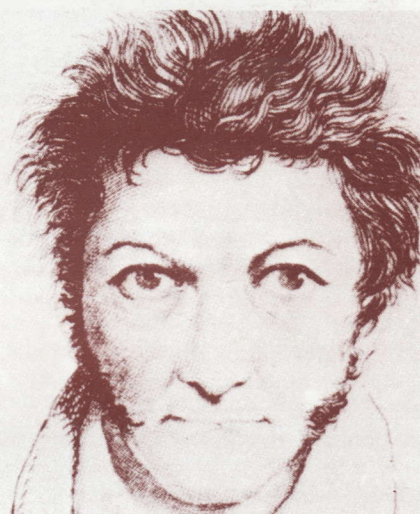
Curious the life of drifting cabbies, all weathers, all places, time and set down, no will of their own. Voglio e non. Like to give them an odd cigarette. Sociable. Shout a few flying syllables as they pass. He hummed.

*La ci darem la mano
La la la la la*

James Joyce: The Lotus eaters

Three centuries have not erased the prestige of Don Juan. Underneath the great violator of the rules of marriage – stealer of wives, seducer of virgins, the shame of families, and an insult to husbands and fathers – another personage can be glimpsed: the individual driven, in spite of himself, by the sombre madness of sex. Underneath the libertine, the pervert. He deliberately breaks the law, but at the same time, something like a nature gone awry transports him far from all nature; his death is the moment when the supernatural return of the crime and its retribution thwarts the flight into counternature. There were two great systems conceived by the West for governing sex: the law of marriage and the order of desires – and the life of Don Juan overturned them both. We shall leave it to psychoanalysts to speculate whether he was homosexual, narcissistic, or impotent.

Professor Michel Foucault: La Volonté de savoir, 1976.



Nature created Don Juan as the dearest child of her womb, raised in every way above the common round, above the manufactured, empty symbols, in themselves worthless and only to be valued by numbers as they pour from the workshop; raised him nearly to godhead, one fit to conquer, to command. A stronger, more handsome body, a form which exudes fire, and who kindles in his heart intimations of the highest; deep feelings, an agile understanding. But the terrible result of man's fall into sin is that the devil still has the power to corrupt and to turn his striving for the highest, which itself reveals the divine part of him, to evil ends. Don Juan was raised up by the demands life makes on such a mental and physical organization as his, and an eternally burning desire, from which his blood flowed boiling in his veins, drove him on so that he greedily and insatiably seized on every phenomenon of the physical world, vainly seeking for fulfilment! There is nothing on earth which so uplifts the innermost nature of a man as Love; it is love which, working in secrecy and strength, either destroys or illuminates the depths of our being; so can we wonder that Don Juan hoped to still the longings which tore at his heart through love, and that the devil through love was able to slip a rope round his neck?

E.T.A. Hoffmann: Don Juan – a Fabulous Happening which Befell a Travelling Enthusiast, 1814.



Primo le parole

Since opera began, almost four hundred years ago, the question of who holds the supreme position in the partnership between librettist and composer has been the subject of amicable discussion, bitter recrimination – even of other operas! The particularly intricate and private nature of the collaboration is something which adds mystery to the suppositions surrounding such partnerships though few people would debate seriously the notion that it is because of the words – rather than the music – that we remember an opera. Many remarkable operas have been written to foolish libretti but none of them have changed the history of the operatic form.

If we look at the operatic tradition we see very clearly that it was with poets and poetry that opera began and that, whenever the form has been in trouble, resuscitation has come from the librettist as much as from the composer. The story

of the development of opera is the story of partnerships, not merely of individuals: for Sullivan there was Gilbert; for Verdi, first Cammarano, then Boito; for Strauss, Hoffmanstahl – and for Mozart, Lorenzo da Ponte. The world owes many of its most important theatrical works to these teams; and to Mozart and da Ponte, for *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Così Fan Tutte* and *Don Giovanni*, it is indebted to an extent which almost terrifies one by its immeasurability.

We have no idea of the relationships between these two men, though the guess could be hazarded that it was neither particularly close nor based on anything other than the innate appreciation of each other's talent which is a commonplace of good professionals in the theatre. Mozart's early death deprives us of any autobiographical account of his partner and, given the status of the librettist in late eighteenth century

Germany, it is not remarkable that his relatives did nothing to cast any light on the situation. The Mozart Industry, founded by the composer's widow, Constanze Weber, took great pains to ensure that the images of Mozart as a doomed prodigy was not disrupted by anything so mundane as collaboration with lesser beings.

From da Ponte, we know a little more. He survived his partner by almost forty years and retired to America where he married, despite his clerical status. He left us Memoirs which give us an inside – if somewhat glorifying – account of the composition and production of *Don Giovanni* both in Prague and Vienna.

The success enjoyed by *Le Nozze di Figaro* had been difficult for da Ponte to follow. The conventional structures demanded by eighteenth century operas and from which *Figaro*, as a prose comedy, had offered enormous liberation, were constraining and da Ponte's more recent libretti failed to bring either critical acclaim or the much needed financial benefits which accrued from successful operas. He was delighted, then, to receive three commissions simultaneously – from Mozart, Salieri and Martini. He decided to work on all three at once, telling the Emperor "At night I shall write for Mozart, pretending that I am reading Dante's *Inferno* – in the morning I shall write for Martini and seem to be studying Petrarch. The evening will be for Salieri and he shall be my Tarso".

The other two operas – *L'Arbore di Diana* (Martini) and a reworking of Salieri's Paris success *Tarare* – have sunk without trace. *Don Giovanni* remains one of the most significant achievements in opera and still exercises, after two hundred years, a fascination for the listener which is difficult for the non-enthusiast to comprehend.

Don Juan had been the subject of many dramatic episodes in the two centuries preceding Mozart and da Ponte's work, but da Ponte went to Bertati's libretto for the one-act opera *Don Giovanni* by Gazzaniga. (The Wexford Festival will present this opera in the 1988 Season, directed and designed by Patrick Mason and Joe Vanêk.) Gazzaniga's *Don Giovanni* was written earlier in 1787 – the same year as the Prague premiere of

Mozart's work – and shows a strong awareness of the Don Juan tradition in literature. Da Ponte's extensive reading and considerable skills as a linguist probably allowed him access to most of the source material available; it is even possible that he saw some of the pantomimes, plays, and operas on the theme with which the 1760s and the 1770s were crowded.

The da Ponte libretto for *Don Giovanni* is an extraordinary achievement – at breaks once a catalogue of previous works and a text which, through its structural innovation, through to new ground for opera as a theatrical form.

The libretto has been heavily criticised for its "coarseness", its apparent lack of form (the extensive, narrative first act followed by the short, episodic Act Two) and its absurdity of tone when compared with the "sublime" music which it accompanies. One critic has complained that "the second act could certainly have benefited from some new dramatic motive, for the continued pursuit of Giovanni hardly appears enough to maintain the tension." What Abert is forgetting is that *Giovanni* is opera made according to a very specific, ultimately less constrained dramaturgy than many commentators would care for it to be. Don Juan has fallen into the hands of the philosophers and sociologists and it is commonplace to expect that accounts of

his deeds should have a concomitant case-book clarity. Its extraordinary variety, while irritating to the student, is one of the sources of its theatrical greatness. Da Ponte called it *dramma giocoso* – a playful drama – and it is that quality of playfulness that makes *Don Giovanni* a recognisable work by the collaborators of *Così fan tutte* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

The opera was first performed in Prague, where *Figaro* had just enjoyed a triumphant premiere and was directed by Mozart and da Ponte. It had an enormous success and was immediately requested for Vienna where it failed dismally. As da Ponte records:

Everyone except Mozart was sure it lacked something or other. So a few additions were made, a few arias changed and again we exposed it

onstage – AND DON GIOVANNI DID NOT PLEASE ... (The Emperor said)... "The opera is divine: it is quite probably even lovelier than *Figaro*, but it is no meat for the teeth of my Viennese."

Mozart is reputed to have said "Give them time to chew on it". Using influence at court, da Ponte had the opera given regularly until eventually it became successful ... "one of the loveliest operas to be performed in any theatre".

Don Giovanni has always enjoyed the admiration of great creative artists. Goethe claimed that the composer of *Giovanni* would have been the only man able to do justice to *Faust* and it is perhaps fortunate, therefore, that he did not live to see Gounod's efforts: not for nothing do Germans refer to the French opera as *Marguerite* rather than *Faust*! For E.T.A. Hoffmann, *Giovanni* was "the opera of operas" and for Berlioz "an outstanding, evergreen, ever-powerful work, ever in the vanguard of musical civilisation".

Don Giovanni lives by its music, but that music is the result of an inspiring text as much as a powerful subject. We will never, perhaps, think of da Ponte and Mozart as one creator, like Gilbert-and-Sullivan, but da Ponte's glory is not merely a reflected one. He shines through the text of *Giovanni*, lighting it from within with discretion and, above all, wit.



"La prima ed l'ultima"

Mozart's first known love affair was with his cousin Maria Thekla (left). His wife, Constanze Weber survived her husband by almost fifty years and founded the Mozart industry.



Don Giovanni

The Story of the Opera

ROME 1960

ACT ONE

Leporello is waiting for his master Don Giovanni. He is tired of the servant's life, especially with his master and would like to reverse the roles for a while. A woman's screams are heard and Don Giovanni makes a hasty exit from an upper window, followed by a young woman who tries to prevent his escape. She runs for help and her father, woken by her cries, appears. Seeing Giovanni, he challenges him to a duel to assuage the damage of his house and daughter, Anna. The young man is easily the winner and the Commander is left in the street for dead.

Anna returns with her fiancé, Ottavio. She sees her father's corpse and swoons. Ottavio assures her that she will find both a father and a husband in him; but Anna wants only vengeance now and makes her lover promise to avenge her dead father's blood. The two young people solemnly swear to seek retribution.

Giovanni returns with Leporello, untroubled by the night's adventures. He stops their discussion; he says he smells a woman. Both men draw back to see the new arrival.



A beautiful Spanish lady with luggage and lady's maid arrives. She complains of the infamous treatment she has recently suffered at the hands of the philanderer she is pursuing. Giovanni approaches to commiserate but the lady recognises him as her seducer and flies out with tears

and recriminations. Giovanni makes a skillful escape and leaves Leporello to explain that she is neither the first nor the last name in his master's catalogue. The Don collects women: any woman will do, though beginners naturally score highest.

A wedding party arrives. Zerlina and Masetto are to be married and the whole thing will be done in style with both their families present. Giovanni appears and is impressed with Zerlina: he suggests that they should join him in a celebration. Only the bridegroom, Masetto, disagrees. He tells Giovanni that he understands what is going on but Leporello takes him away and the bride is left with Giovanni, who pays her extravagant compliments. In a matter of minutes the seduction is almost accomplished when Elvira appears, hurling abuse at Giovanni and taking Zerlina away to a place of safety.



Anna and Ottavio arrive in mourning. Don Giovanni listens sympathetically to her distress and is about to offer more personal condolences when Elvira appears again. Coldly she berates him for his despicable unreliability. Giovanni assures his friends that the Stranger is a sort of hysteric, a mad woman who follows him around claiming that he is

her husband. He makes charming farewells and leaves laughing, pursued by Elvira.

Anna is terrified by the laughter and recognises in it the man who tried to seduce her and who murdered her father. The world has lost its meaning and she can depend on no one. Ottavio reassures her that she can depend on him and she instructs him to go about avenging the murder that robbed her of her father. Left alone, Ottavio realises that the only hope for her and their future lies with his victim.

Giovanni is still in hot pursuit of Zerlina and tells Leporello to make preparations for a lavish party at which he can get her alone and take her.

Masetto, followed by Zerlina, appears, furious at the shame her behaviour has brought him. She knows how to handle him and offers to let him beat her black and blue to make amends for this or any future transgression. Peace is restored and the lovers go off to the party with their families, at the Don's personal invitation.

Anna, Ottavio and Elvira appear, in masks. They will go to the party and confront Giovanni with his crimes. Giovanni, seeing only two lovely women and a single man, tells Leporello to ask them to join him.

The party gets wilder and more drunken and Giovanni begins to dance with Zerlina, whisking her away while Leporello is left to look after Masetto. Smelling trouble, the servant follows his master. Masetto's increasing discomfort is interrupted by Zerlina's screams. She runs from the inner room and is followed by Giovanni who drags Leporello with him, accusing him of trying to seduce his guest.

This is too much for Anna, Ottavio and Elvira who remove their masks and denounce Giovanni as a seducer, murderer and violator. Ottavio challenges Giovanni and a fierce storm breaks out. Confusion ensues and Giovanni and his servant make their escape.

ACT TWO

Leporello has had enough and is preparing to leave Giovanni's service. His employer coaxes him back with extravagant compliments and promises of money and begins to explain his latest plan. Elvira has a lovely maid and Giovanni wants her. First, they must get Elvira out of the way: so Leporello will dress up as his master and Giovanni, disguised as the servant will seduce the maid.

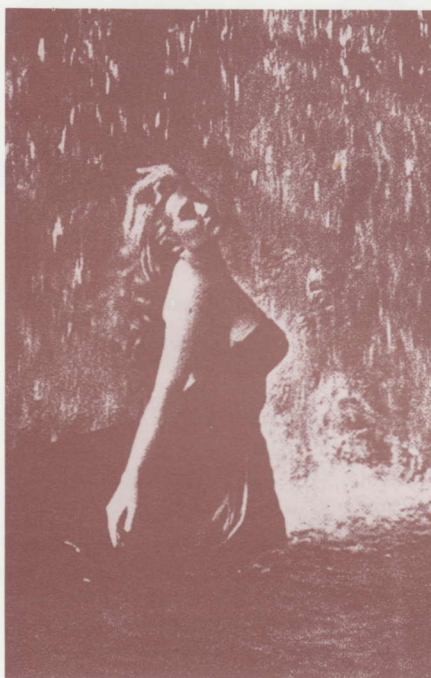
Elvira appears, still heartbroken for Giovanni. Leporello is put into service as the Don and the lady gladly runs into his arms, before following him off the square to a more secluded spot. Giovanni, disguised as Leporello, serenades the maid.

His song is interrupted by voices. Masetto and his gang have come to find Giovanni. They leap on the supposed Leporello, demanding information. Giovanni sends them off in a group of search parties and, left alone with Masetto, unmasks himself and beats the boy mercilessly for his stupidity and presumption.

Zerlina has heard the noise and comes out to find her Masetto lying injured in the street. Telling him that he has no one to blame but himself, she forgives him for his jealousy and takes him home to mend his injuries with her kisses.

Still disguised as his master, Leporello returns with a rather weary Donna Elvira. They have roamed the streets for hours without finding anywhere suitable. Elvira wants love - NOW. Ottavio and Anna appear, meeting Zerlina and Masetto. Believing they see the Don with Elvira, they round on him, berating him for his evils and her for her follies. Elvira pleads for mercy but the others are adamant. They unmask the 'Don' and find Leporello. Consternation is followed quickly by anger as they all rail against the elusive Giovanni. Leporello makes his escape.

Ottavio, left alone with Elvira and Zerlina, asks the two women to intercede with Donna Anna for him and ask for her mercy. He is doing everything he can.



Elvira reflects that although Giovanni has betrayed her, he also loves her and that he might yet be saved.

Giovanni has failed with the maid but succeeded elsewhere and is giving Leporello details for the catalogue entry when a strange voice is heard. They look around and see nothing but a shrine to the late Commander. Giovanni continues but the voice is heard again and Leporello points to the statue. The statue is speaking. Giovanni boisterously instructs his servant to invite this speaking Statue - and old friend, after all - to supper. The laughter stops when the statue accepts and both men run away.

Ottavio begs Donna Anna to show some love for him again. She says she cannot until her father's death is avenged and promises that everything shall be as it was once Giovanni is brought to justice.

Giovanni is preparing for supper. Leporello waits at table, angry at his master's greed and selfishness. An orchestra plays operatic selections and Leporello comments how quickly fashionable music can pall. Elvira arrives, desperate. She begs Giovanni to repent before it is too late. He replies with an extravagant toast to wine, women and as much of both as he can lay his hands on. Elvira departs but is heard screaming. Leporello goes to find out what has happened but returns ashen-faced. The statue has come for his dinner.



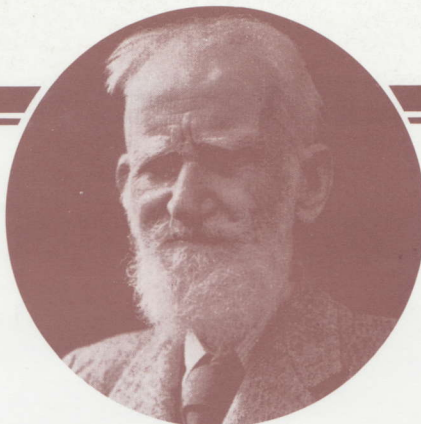
A thunderous knock shatters the atmosphere. "Answer it", says Giovanni repeatedly. The Statue arrives and solemnly urges Giovanni to seek immediate salvation from his sins. Giovanni refuses and the Commander tells him that he has, for the last time, turned down an occasion for grace. The air becomes filled with wild noise and all Hell breaks loose. Still urged to penitence, the Don becomes coldly arrogant in his denial and is then borne away to eternal damnation and is cast into the flames.

The others arrive to find out what has happened. Leporello tells them that the Statue came for Giovanni and that he is now in Hell. Delighted, Ottavio asks Anna to honour her promise but she asks for just a little more time to grieve before she accepts him. Elvira will seek a convent in which to repent and Masetto and Zerlina will go back to the country to start their family. Leporello will have to find a new job - and one with less sensational requirements this time. Before making their farewells, the company reassure each other that all is now well with the world and that those who pursue an evil life must pay for it sooner or later.



Photographs from Federico Fellini's "La Dolce Vita."

Corno di Bassetto



Between 1876 and 1894, George Bernard Shaw was one of the principal music critics in the British Isles. Under the name of "Corno di Bassetto" the Dublin-born dramatist gave vent to some of the following opinions – as contentious now as they were then controversial.

I still remember the old feeling of the days when the Opera was a world of fable and adventure, and not a great art factory where I with wide open eyes and sharpened ears, must sit remorselessly testing the quality of each piece of work as it is turned out and submitted to my judgement.

Il Trovatore, Un Ballo, Emani, etc., are no longer read at the piano at home as the works of the Carmen *genre* are, and as Wagner's are. The popular notion of them is therefore founded on performances in which the superb distinction and heroic force of the male characters, and the tragic beauty of the women have been burlesqued by performers with every sort of disqualification for such parts, from age and obesity to the most excruciating phases of physical insignificance and cockney vulgarity. I used often to wonder why it was that whilst every asphalt contractor could get a man to tar the streets, and every tourist could find a gondolier rather above the average of the House of Lords in point of nobility of aspect, no operatic manager, after Mario vanished, seemed to be able to find a Manrico with whom any exclusively disposed Thames mudlark would care to be seen grubbing for pennies. When I get on this subject I really cannot contain myself. The thought of that dynasty of execrable imposters in tights and tunics, interpolating their loathsome B flats into the beautiful melodies and swelling with conceit when they are able to finish *Di quella pira* with a high C capable of making a stranded man-of-war recoil off a reef into mid-ocean, I demand the suspension of all rules as to decorum of language until I have heaped upon them some little instalment of the infinite abuse they deserve. Others, alas! have blamed Verdi, much as if Dickens had blamed Shakespear for the absurdities of Mr. Wopsle.

Eugene Onegin reminded me of The Colleen Bawn. Something in the tailoring, in the scenery, in the sound of the hero's name (pronounced O'Naygin, or, to put it in a still more Irish way, O'Neoghegan) probably combined with the Balfian musical form of the work to suggest this notion to me. There is something Irish, too, as well as Byronic, in the introduction of Eugene as an uncommonly fine fellow when there is not the smallest ground for any such estimate of him.

When old-fashioned people deplore the decadence of the modern theatre, and regret the palmy days of the drama, superstitious ones are apt to take the desirability of palminess for granted, without troubling themselves to ascertain the exact conditions which constituted it. On enquiry, we are led to infer that long runs, elaborate scenery and dresses, efficient performance of minor parts, and prose dialogues, are degenerate; but that prompters, changes of programme every night, poster playbills printed in blue colour that adheres to everything except the flimsy paper, and "historical" costumes – *i.e.* costumes belonging to no known historic epoch – are palmy.

There are many persons of culture still under thirty who are familiar with the palmy flat vanishing from the scene with the scene-shifters' heels twinkling at its tail; who have seen the creations of Shakespear enter and quit the scene to the strains of Handel. But these experienced critics are from the country, and began their play-going careers whilst palminess and stock companies still lingered there, as they do, perhaps, to this day. The West Londoner, who only visits first-class theatres, has only one way of studying palminess. He must go to the opera...

There are no long runs at the opera. Faust is played one night, and Lucia the next; Lohengrin follows, and so on. Here is a splendidly palmy training for singers.

At the opera the tenor is not expected to act at all; and the baritone, though admittedly an eminently dramatic figure, would not, if he condescended to spoken dialogue, stand the smallest chance of being allowed to play Rosencrantz at a revival of Hamlet at the Lyceum or Princess. And if, by bringing strong private influence to bear, he succeeded in getting cast for Bernardo, and attempted, at rehearsal, to apply to that part the treatment which gained general admiration for his Conte di Luna, he would undoubtedly be at once conveyed, under restraint, from the stage to bedlam. Yet musical critics frequently speak of the dramatic power and tragic intensity of the latest and absurdest Lucia or Traviata.....

The accents of the Count di Luna, raging to inflict *mille atroci spasimi* on Manrico ... are bloodcurdling. Transcribed for the euphonium in a military band selection, they remind you of The Maiden's Prayer.

I believe that a taste for brass instruments is hereditary. My father destroyed his domestic peace by immoderate indulgence in the trombone; my uncle played the ophicleide – very nicely, I must admit – for years, and then perished by his own hand. Someday I shall buy a slide trombone myself... and ask Herr Richter to engage me for the next concert at which the Walkürenritt is in the programme.

When the trombones came in at the end of Don Giovanni... they took an accent so inexpressibly awful that I felt forgotten superstitions reviving in me. The roots of my hair stirred; and I recoiled as from the actual presence of Hell...

I have just been to La Tosca [Sardou's play] ... it is a disgrace to the theatre, an old-fashioned, shiftless, clumsily constructed, empty-headed turnip ghost of cheap shocker... that might have been improvised by strolling players in a booth. Oh, if it had but been an opera!

Since Bach's death, the rule as to fugue has been "First learn to write one, and then don't." It is time to extend the rule to the Symphony.

Boito's *Mefistofele* is chiefly interesting as a proof that a really able literary man can turn out a much better opera than the average musician can...



WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Don Giovanni

ossia, "Il Dissoluto Punito"

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte

Sung in Italian

Conductor:..... Janos Furst
Director: Patrick Mason
Designer: Joe Vanek
Movement: Anne Courtney
Lighting: Mark Pritchard
Continuo: James Vaughan

Don Giovanni Maarten Flipse
Leporello Tom Haenen
Donna Anna Tiziana Ducati
Don Ottavio Christian Papis
Commendatore, Anna's father Jean-Jacques Cubaynes
Donna Elvira Virginia Kerr
Zerlina Kathleen Tynan
Masetto Jack O'Kelly

Radio Telefis Éireann Symphony Orchestra. Leader: Audrey Collins

(By kind permission of the RTE Authority)

The Dublin Grand Opera Society Chorus.

Chorus Master: Phillip Gilbert

Assistant Conductor: Jonathan Webb. **Repetiteur:** James Vaughan

Stage Manager: Karen Arkenstall.

THERE WILL BE ONE INTERVAL OF TWENTY FIVE MINUTES.

The opera ends at approximately 10.35 p.m.

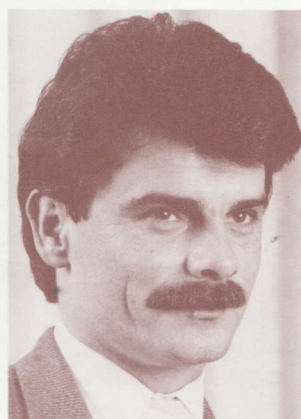
Presented at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. April 10, 12, 15, 1988. 7.30 p.m.



MICHAEL McCAFFERY
Artistic Director.
(Director: *Il Trovatore*)

has directed over forty plays and operas. He began his career with the Old Vic Company in London and has subsequently worked with the National Theatre of Great Britain and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. He directed the 1985 and 1986 *Ring* cycles at Bayreuth with great success. In 1987 he became Artistic Director of the DGOS. Future plans

include the world premiere of Robin Orr's *On The Razzle* in June and *Orfeo ed Euridice* at Glyndebourne next season.



DAVID COLLOPY
(Administrator)

was born in Wexford where he studied Accountancy before joining Wexford Festival Opera as Administrator. This position he held for five years. After a short period in London, he returned to Ireland in 1985 to take up his present post of Administrator with the DGOS.



PHILLIP GILBERT
(Chorus Master)

is a graduate of the Royal College of Music and the University of Hull where, in 1982, he won the Special Music Prize for most outstanding student. He worked with Welsh National Opera and Wexford Festival Opera and is now full time Chorus Master with the DGOS.



ALEX REEDIJK
(Production Manager)

began his career with the New Zealand Opera Company and moved to the New Zealand Ballet Company. His productions include *LA BOHEME*, *LE NOZZE DI FIGARO*, *COPPELIA* and *LA SYLPHIDE*. He is involved with the London International Festival and has worked with the Lyric Theatre in Hammersmith. He is currently Production Manager with the DGOS.

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The Society is most grateful to all its patrons who have contributed most generously to the Special Appeal Fund this season. A full list of contributors will appear in next seasons's programme.

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JANOS FURST
(Conductor: *Don Giovanni*)

was born in Budapest and began musical studies at the age of four. After graduating from the Brussels Conservatoire, he came to Dublin, winning distinction as an orchestral leader, teaching at the RIAM and founding the Irish Chamber Orchestra. His career as a conductor developed rapidly and he has now appeared with all the major British orchestras and has conducted in most of the major cities of the world. He is Music Director of the Marseilles Opera and Principal Conductor of the RTESO.



ALBERT ROSEN
(Conductor: *Tosca*)

This distinguished conductor began his career in his native Czechoslovakia where he was First Conductor of the Smetana Theatre. In 1969 he was appointed Chief Conductor of the RTESO and is now Chief Guest Conductor. He has conducted regularly with both Wexford Opera and the DGOS and had an outstanding debut with English National Opera in London conducting *Tosca*. He conducted *Rigoletto* last season in Dublin and future plans include a return both to Wexford and to ENO, where he will conduct the new production of *Christmas Eve* and *Katya Kabanova*.



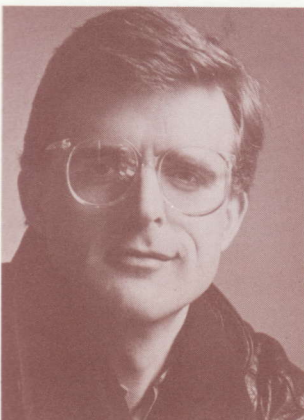
DAVID PARRY
(Conductor: *Il Trovatore*)

studied with Sergiu Celibidache. He made his debut with *La Cenerentola* in 1976 and since has conducted at most British houses and in Germany, Italy, Spain and Iceland. He was Music Director of Opera 80 until 1987. His work has extended into the concert hall, with appearances in London, Paris and Madrid. He has made several recordings of rare Italian opera for Opera Rara.



SUSAN TODD
(Director: *Tosca*)

is Associate Director of the Denby Playhouse. She was a founder member of the Monstrous Regiment and founded the National Theatre of Brent, developing an innovative comedy style and devising and directing productions including *Götterdämmerung*, a comic version of Wagner's entire *Ring*. For the RSC, her work includes *Typhoid Mary* and Deborah Levy's *Heresies*. She directed Strauss's setting of *Enoch Arden* with André Previn at the QE. Her successful production of Marguerite Duras' *Savannah Bay* is currently touring Britain.

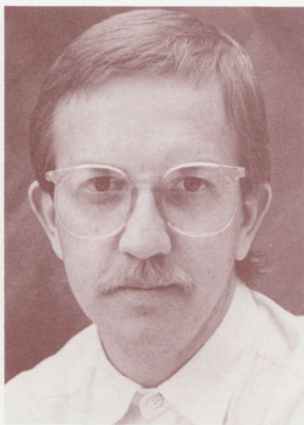


PATRICK MASON
(Director: *Don Giovanni*)

was Lecturer in Performance Studies at Manchester University. He joined the Abbey Theatre in 1977 and has since directed many plays there. He has directed new works by Graham Reid, Tom Murphy, Bernard Farrell and Frank McGuinness. Patrick Mason has received two Harvey Awards and, in London, a Time Out London Theatre Award for his 1987 production of *Desire Under The Elms*. A highly successful Wexford debut with *La Cena delle Beffe* will be followed in the 1988 Festival with Busoni's *Turandot* and the Gazzaniga *Don Giovanni*.

IONA MCLEISH
(Designer: *Tosca*)

studied at Wimbledon School of Art, Theatre Department. Her theatre credits include *Arturo Ui* (Half Moon Theatre), *Hamlet* (with Frances de la Tour), *Pal Joey* (Albery Theatre), *Merchant of Venice* for the Young Vic and *Medea* with Madhur Jaffrey for the Lyric Hammersmith. She designed *Heresies* for the RSC for which she received the 1987 London Theatre Award. More recently she has designed *Heart of Ice* for Lumiere and Son, *Sing Heigh Ho* with Cleo Laine at the Lyceum Edinburgh and *Savannah Bay* by Marguerite Duras for Foco Novo.



JOE VANEK
(Designer: *Don Giovanni*)

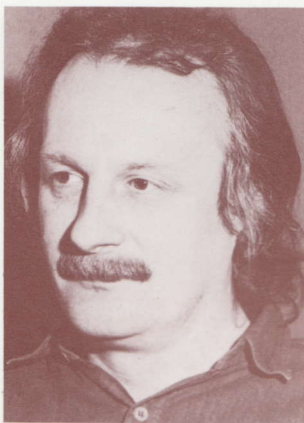
An associate of the Gate Theatre in Dublin since 1984, he has designed Wilde's *A Woman of No Importance* (winning a Harvey's Award for Best Design), Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, Shaw's *Heartbreak House* and, for the 1986 Theatre Festival, *Innocence* by Frank McGuinness (receiving a second award with Mick Hughes for lighting). West End designs have

included *The Seagull* (Duke of York's), *Romantic Comedy* (Apollo), *Little Lies* (Wyndhams), *Mornings at Seven* (Westminster), *Why Me?* (Strand) and *Down An Alley Filled With Cats* (Mermaid). Opera designs to date have included *Così fan Tutte* for OTC and Giordano's *La Cena Delle Beffe* for Wexford (both 1987). For the 1988 Wexford Festival Joe is designing Gazzaniga's *Don Giovanni* and Busoni's *Turandot*.



VIKKI MORTIMER
(Designer: *Il Trovatore*)

A post-graduate student of the Slade School of Art, Vikki Mortimer designed *The Good Person of Szechuan* at the Oxford Playhouse, several London and Edinburgh Fringe productions and, last year, *The Game of Love and Chance* in Chichester. She designed last season's *Don Pasquale* for Dublin and costumes for *Cyrano* at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge.



MARK PRITCHARD
(Lighting)

began his career with Joan Littlewood and Theatre Workshop's *Oh What a Lovely War*. His lighting designs in London's West End and for the RSC have won great acclaim. He has lit four operas in Dublin since 1987 and has recently enjoyed considerable success with Sondheim's *Sunday in the Park with George* in Denmark where he often works.



DAVID GOWLAND
(Repetiteur: *Tosca*)

trained at the Royal College of Music and at the National Opera Studio in London. He has worked as repetiteur at the Royal Opera, at Glyndebourne and at the Netherlands Opera and also conducted Weill's *Threepenny Opera* in London last year. He is a frequent visitor to Ireland, working regularly at Wexford and in Dublin where he is also becoming known as a virtuoso

accompanist. He will return to Glyndebourne immediately after *Tosca*.



JONATHAN NOTT
(Repetiteur: *Il Trovatore*)

studied at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester and at the National Opera Studio in London. He has worked as repetiteur with the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, and in September joins the Deutsche Oper am Rhein Frankfurt as solo-repetiteur. He also sings and has made several cabaret appearances with the Light Blues. He was a member of the 1987 Wexford Festival Chorus.



JAMES VAUGHAN
(Repetiteur: *Don Giovanni*)

An honours graduate of T.C.D. and a Fellow of Trinity College London, Jimmy Vaughan has received outstanding critical acclaim and is rapidly emerging as Ireland's finest accompanist. Currently an Italian Government scholar at the Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome, he returns to Italy this year for duo recital work with Maestro Riccardo Brengola. He joined DGOS for

DON PASQUALE last season and makes a welcome return for DON GIOVANNI.



FABIO ARMILIATO
(*Manrico*)

was born in Genova and studied with Magda Olivero. A winner of the Tito Schipa Prize, he made his international debut in *Norma* in Lyons. He scored outstanding success last season at Wexford in *Cena delle Beffe* and is becoming a frequent guest at European festivals, specialising in the major Italian repertoire.



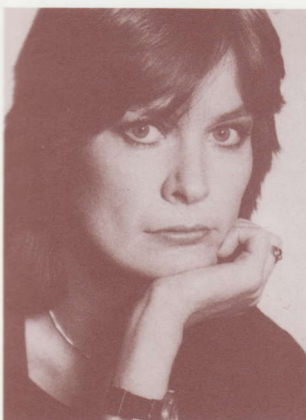
FRANCESCA ARNONE
(*Leonora*)

was born in Palermo and studied in Milan and Rome. She made her operatic debut with Verdi's *Battaglia di Legnano* and first sang Leonora in Caracas. In 1986 she enjoyed great success with the La Scala Company in Verdi's *Lombardi* in Vancouver.



ANTHONY BALDWIN
(*Scarpia*)

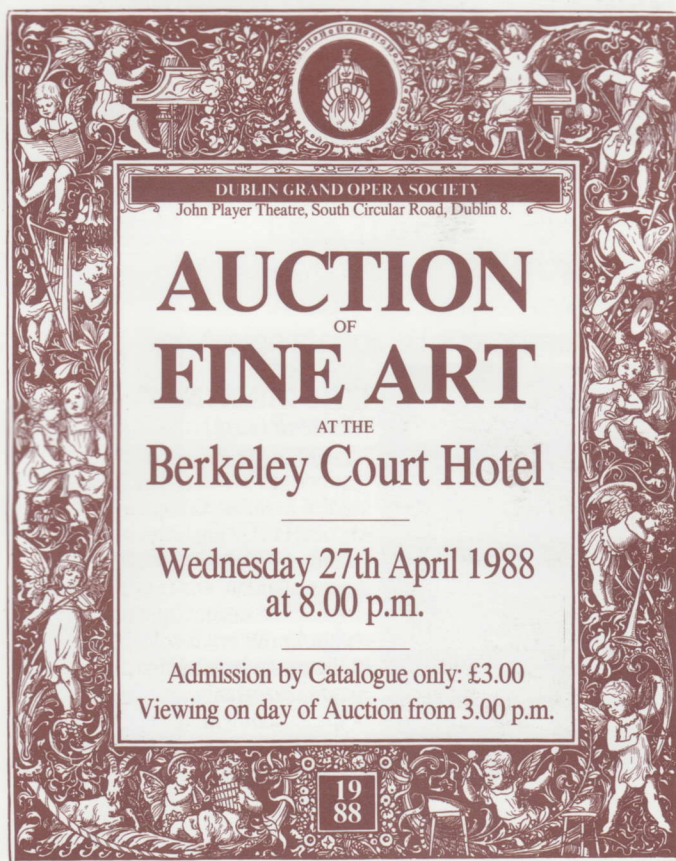
was born in Wales and studied at the Royal Academy of Music and the National Opera Studio in London. In 1974 he was engaged in Augsburg and in 1977 moved on to Kassel. In 1979 he was engaged at the Deutsche Oper am Rhein in Dusseldorf, also making guest appearances in Hamburg and Stuttgart. Anthony Baldwin has been a regular guest artist at the Welsh National Opera and at Scottish Opera.



ANN COURTNEY
(Movement: *Don Giovanni*)

started her training as a classical dancer and later studied contemporary dance in the U.S.A. where she performed with several companies and presented her own work at the Riverside Dance Festival, New York. She has an M.A. in Dance and Interdisciplinary Arts and has studied at the Martha Graham Studios and the Jose Limon Centre in N.Y. A resident

choreographer with Dublin City Ballet since its inception, her works have been presented at the Abbey, the Peacock, the Gaiety, the Olympia and the Gate in Dublin as well as in London and N.Y. She has worked extensively in television, including the current "Sunday Night at the Olympia" series. Recent opera credits include choreography for last season's *Pearl Fishers*.



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JEAN JACQUES CUBAYNES
(*Angelotti, Commendatore*)

was born in Toulouse and studied locally and at the Paris Opera Studio. He made his operatic debut in 1978 and since then has sung in all the major French houses. His recordings include Gounod's *Mireille* with Freni. He sings the major baritone repertoire and will sing Daland for the first time this season.



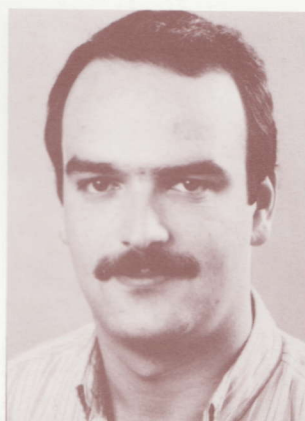
TIZIANA DUCATI
(*Donna Anna*)

was born in Turin and completed her voice studies at La Scala with Giulietta Simionato. She made her debut in 1982 as Donna Anna and has since sung extensively in Italy and abroad in opera, concerts and recitals. She was a Pavarotti Competition winner in 1985 and has sung at the Salzburg Festival, in Amsterdam and in Bregenz.



EVGHENIA DUNDEKHOVA
(*Azucena*)

was born in Bulgaria and now lives in Sofia. She appears regularly in Italy and her wide repertoire embraces early Opera (Rossi's *Orfeo* at La Scala, Milan), the major Verdi roles and Britten's *Lucretia*.



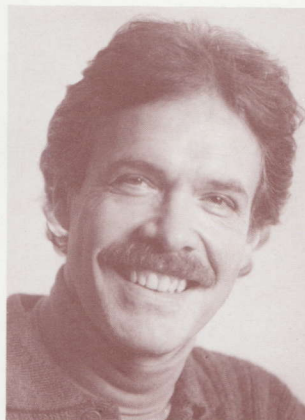
MAARTEN FLIPSE
(*Don Giovanni*)

was born and studied in Holland. As a member of the Netherlands Opera, he has sung in many operas and has appeared with the Komische Oper Berlin in many productions by Hany Kupfer. He appeared in Zemlinsky's *Kneidekreis* at the opening of the new Musiktheater in Amsterdam and is a frequent guest there. He made his Vienna Volksoper debut last year as Marcello (*Bohème*).



LUIS GIRON MAY
(*Conte di Luna*)

was born in Guatemala and studied in Milan, Germany and Mexico. Following his debut at Paris in 1976, he has established an international reputation and sings all the major baritone repertoire. He is a frequent guest in Vienna (where he sings in *Simone Boccanegra* with Abbado in the Autumn) and made his Irish debut in Wexford with *La Cena Delle Beffe*.



TOM HAENEN
(*Leporello*)

was born in Amsterdam and studied at the Amsterdam Conservatoire. At the age of twenty-four he joined the Netherlands Opera where he made his debut as Don Alfonso. Subsequent rôles have included Arkel (*Pelleas et Melisande*), Sparafucile, and Ferrando (*Il Trovatore*). He made his UK debut as Osmin for Opera North and has sung at music festivals in Israel, Spoleto and Spain. This is his first visit to Ireland.



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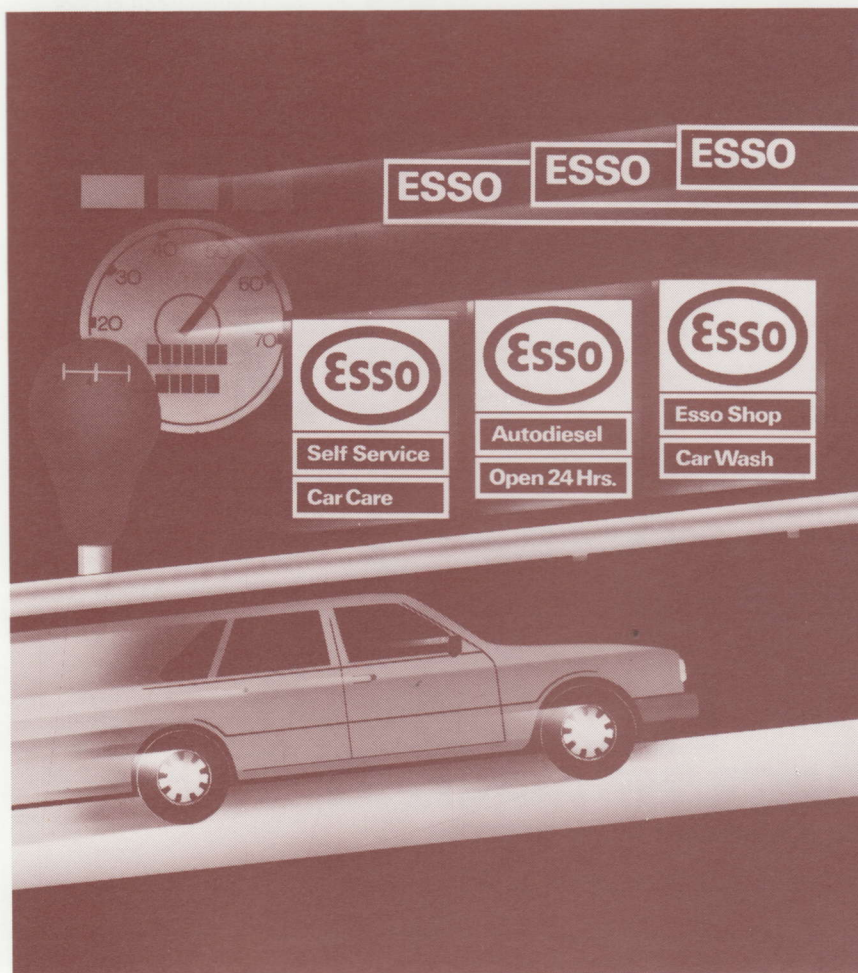
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MARGARETA HAVARINEN
(*Tosca*)

was born in Finland and studied at the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki, in Paris with Bernac and in Rome. A frequent guest with the Finnish and Norwegian Operas, her repertoire includes Butterfly, Violetta, Leonora (*Trovatore*) and Euridice (*Orpheur in the Underworld*). She has also appeared at the Savolinna Opera Festival and has

recorded several operas for television.



VIRGINIA KERR
(*Donna Elvira*)

is one of Ireland's finest young sopranos. She studied in Dublin and at the Guildhall School in London and is in great demand as a recitalist, in concert and in oratorio. Her opera work has taken her to Spain, Hungary, Germany, Malta and the United Kingdom. With DGOS, she has sung Liu, Musetta and Leila. She has sung with all the major Irish orchestras and broadcasts frequently on both RTE and BBC.



PETER MCBRIEN
(*Sacristan*)

is one of Ireland's most popular and versatile singers. He has toured extensively in Europe and America and is a frequent broadcaster on both television and radio. He is a regular guest with the Dublin Grand Opera Society and has enjoyed great personal success in recent years as Germont (*Traviata*) and last season as Rigoletto.



ALASTAIR MILES
(*Ferrando*)

was born in Harrow and studied singing at the Guildhall and at the National Opera Studio in London. His operatic debut in 1985 was as Truelove in Stravinsky's *The Rakes' Progress* for Opera 80. He won the Decca Kathleen Ferrier Prize in 1986 and spent two summers with Glyndebourne where he sang Pietro in *Simon Boccanegra* and attained the Esso

Glyndebourne Singers Award and the John Christie Award. He has sung Colline for Vancouver Opera and the Second Knight in *Parsifal* at Covent Garden. This summer he will make his debut at ENO in Janacek's *Cunning Little Vixen*.



NOEL O'CALLAGHAN
(Gaoler: *Tosca*. Gipsy: *Il Trovatore*)

Noel is a member of the Dublin Grand Opera Society Chorus. He studied singing under Dr. Veronica Dunne and Peter McBrien. In previous DGOS productions he has sung parts in *Rigolette*, *Marta*, *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Madama Butterfly*. This season we welcome him back to sing in *Tosca* and in *Il Trovatore*.



JACK O'KELLY
(*Masetto*)

Since winning the O'Mara Cup for the best male voice in the Golden Voice of Ireland competition, Jack O'Kelly has had successes with the RTE Symphony Orchestra under Bryden Thomson and with Our Lady's Choral Society and the Dublin Sinfonia under Proinnsias Ó Duinn. He made his operatic debut last Autumn as Guglielmo in the Opera Theatre Company's

Così fan Tutte and sang Marullo and Nourabad last season in Dublin.

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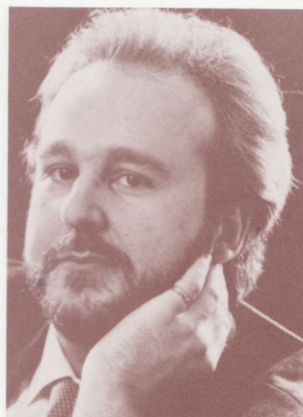
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CHRISTIAN PAPIS
(*Don Ottavio*)

was born in France and studied at the Paris Conservatoire and at the Paris Opera where he sang with Jesse Norman in *Dido and Aeneas*. His growing career has brought him to all the major French houses and last season he sang Tamino with Barenboim in Paris. He will join Janos Fürst at Marseilles for Mozart's *Schauspieldirektor* and Ravel's *L'Heure Espagnole* later in the

season and next year sings at Basle. He is also a frequent broadcaster and has recored often.



MARK THOMPSON
(*Spoletta, Ruiz*)

was born in Worcester and studied singing at the Royal College of Music and the National Opera Studio in London. In increasing demand for oratorio and recital work, Mark Thompson will make his major London debut in June in Giordano's *Fedora* with Pauline Tinsley at the Barbican Centre.



GIORGIO TIEPPO
(*Cavaradossi*)

made his operatic debut in 1983 and has quickly established a highly successful career in the tenor repertoire. Engagements have taken him throughout Europe and the U.S.A. He sings all the major tenor roles and will soon have his debut as "Radames". He had great personal success in Dublin in Italia Week with his recital.



KATHLEEN TYNAN
(*Zerlina, Shephard*)

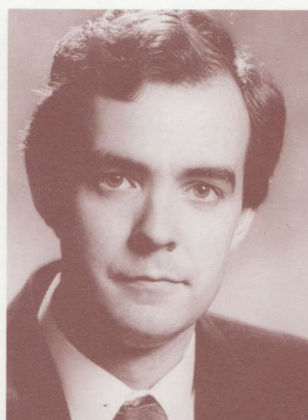
is from Wexford and studied with Paul Deegan at the RIAM and at the Guidhall School of Music and Drama with Laura Sarti. She made her professional debut in the Wexford Festival Chorus in 1981 and has subsequently returned as a soloist in *Königskinder*, *Cendrillon* and *La Cena delle Beffe*. For DGOS, Kathleen has sung Tebaldo (*Don Carlos*, Amor (Orfeo ed Euridice)

and Giannetta (*L'Elisir d'Amore*). In 1987 she represented Ireland in the Cardiff Young Singer of the World Competition and is a frequent recitalist and broadcaster.



MARIE WALSH
(*Inez*)

studies with Dr. Veronica Dunne and Jeannie Reddin at the College of Music and was winner of the RTE Voice of Promise Competition in 1987. A frequent recitalist, her opera work includes Marva in *Shadows in the Sun*, Dorabella in OTC's *Così fan Tutte* and Countess Ceprano in DGOS's *Rigoletto*. She also appears extensively on the concert platform.



NIGEL WILLIAMS
(*Sciarraone*)

studied singing with Dr. Veronica Dunne and the College of Music and now studies with Raimond Herincz. He enjoys a broad-ranging popularity in both opera and concert work both in Ireland and abroad. In 1987 he was the winner of the Lombard & Ulster Award and toured with Virginia Kerr and accompanist Jimmy Vaughan in a highly acclaimed recital programme.

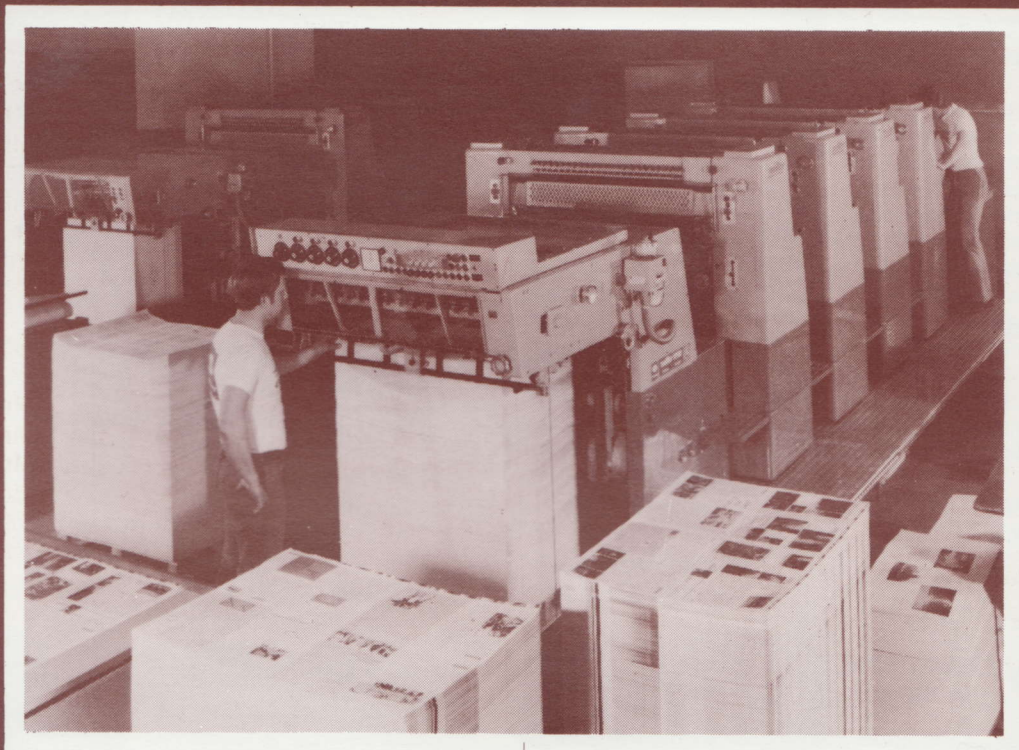
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Salvatore Allegra Ave Maria Medico Suo Malgrado	1959 1962	George F. Handel Messiah	1942	Camille Saint-Saëns Samson and Delilah	1942-1979
Michael W. Balfe The Bohemian Girl	1943	Engelbert Humperdinck Hänsel And Gretel	1943-1982	Bedrich Smetana The Bartered Bride	1953-1976
Ludwig van Beethoven Fidelio	1954-1980	L. Janacek Jenufa	1973	Johann Strauss Die Fledermaus Der Zigeunerbaron	1962-1984 1964
Vincenzo Bellini La Sonnambula Norma I Puritani	1960-1963 1955-1981 1975	Ruggiero Leoncavallo I Pagliacci	1941-1973	Richard Strauss Der Rosenkavalier	1964-1984
Georges Bizet Carmen Les Pêcheurs de Perles	1941-1985 1964-1987	Pietro Mascagni L'Amico Fritz Cavalleria Rusticana	1952 1941-1973	Ambroise Thomas Mignon	1966-1975
Gustave Charpentier Louise	1979	Jules Massenet Manon Werther	1952-1980 1967-1977	Peter I. Tchaikovsky Eugene Onegin The Queen of Spades	1969-1985 1972
Francesco Cilea Adriana Lecouvreur	1967-1980	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Così Fan Tutte Don Giovanni Idomeneo Il Seraglio Le Nozze di Figaro	1950-1984 1943-1988 1956 1949-1964 1942-1973	Giuseppe Verdi Aida Un Ballo in Maschera Don Carlo Ernani Falstaff La Forza del Destino Macbeth Nabucco Otello Rigoletto Simon Boccanegra La Traviata Il Trovatore	1942-1984 1949-1981 1950-1985 1965-1976 1960-1977 1951-1973 1963-1985 1962-1986 1946-1981 1941-1987 1956-1974 1941-1986 1941-1988
Domenico Cimarosa Il Matrimonio Segreto	1961	Jacques Offenbach Tales of Hoffmann	1945-1979	Gerard Victory Music Hath Mischief	1968
Claude Debussy Pelléas et Mélisande	1948	Amilcare Ponchielli La Gioconda	1944-1984	Richard Wagner The Flying Dutchman Lohengrin Tannhäuser Tristan und Isolde Die Walküre	1946-1964 1971-1983 1943-1977 1953-1964 1956
Gaetano Donizetti Don Pasquale L'Eisir d'Amore La Favorita La Figlia del Reggimento Lucia di Lammermoor	1952-1987 1958-1987 1942-1982 1978 1955-1984	Giacomo Puccini La Bohème Gianni Schicchi Madama Butterfly Manon Lescaut Suor Angelica Tosca Turandot	1941-1987 1962 1942-1986 1958-1983 1962 1941-1988 1957-1986		
Friedrich von Flotow Martha	1982	Licinio Refice Cecilia	1954		
Umberto Giordano Andrea Chénier Fedora	1957-1983 1959	Gioacchino Rossini Il Barbiere di Siviglia La Cenerentola L'Italiana in Algieri	1942-1985 1972-1979 1978	Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari Il Segreto di Susanna	1956
Christoph W. Gluck Orfeo ed Euridice	1960-1986				
Charles F. Gounod Faust Roméo et Juliette	1941-1980 1945				



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 McKenna, Miss Glenna
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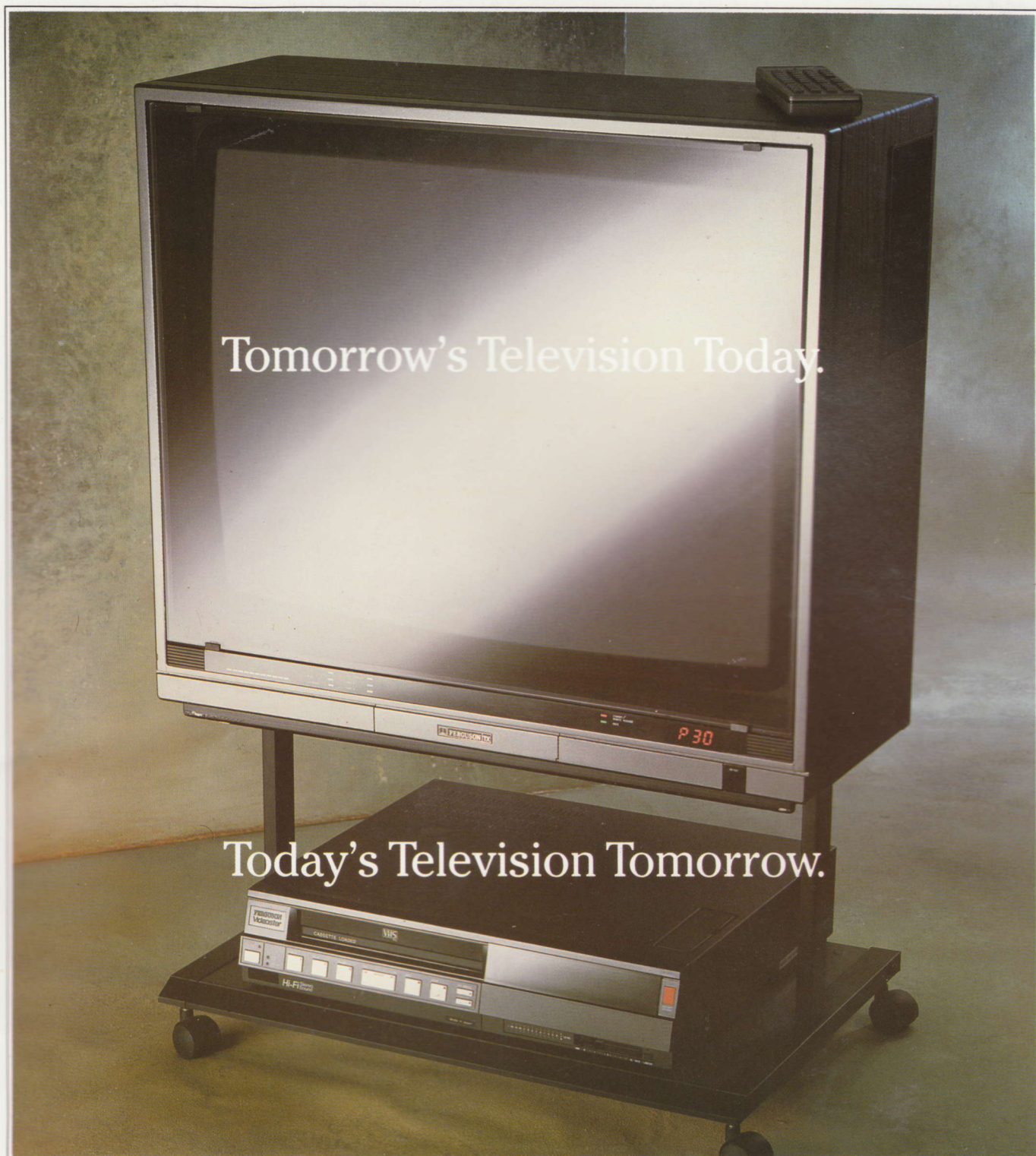
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 McLoughlin, Mrs. Anne J.
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 Wynne, Mr. Richard D.
 Young, Mr. Frank
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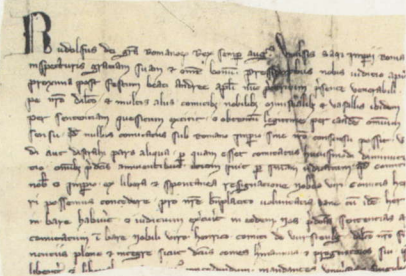
Tomorrow's Television Today.

Today's Television Tomorrow.

FERGUSON
NO-ONE IS MORE SWITCHED ON

The city that had to wait 1000 years for a birthday (and 997 for the right lager).

Spare a thought for the folks of Dublin in the year 988. No bridge across the Liffey. No Dart to take them home to a clay-and-wattle semi-det. No Grafton Street wherein to shop for this year's goatskin. And no Fürstenberg Lager — not for nearly 1000 years.



Not the Book of Kells, exactly, but an illuminating manuscript from 1283 — the Right To Brew awarded to the Fürstenbergs.

Meanwhile, in Europe, history was about to begin. In 1283, Count Heinrich zu Fürstenberg came to the aid of his King, Rudolph of Habsburg, at



One of Stephen Conlin's colour drawings from "Dublin: 1000 Years of Wood Quay" (Blackstaff Press).

the Battle of Bohemia. And was duly rewarded with a hefty slice of the Black Forest (the woods, dear — not the gateaux). More significantly for us, he also received The Right To Brew.

The result is the noble nectar we know today as Fürstenberg. It started slipping quietly into Dublin just a couple of years ago (we didn't want any publicity so as not to upset the Germans about having to share their treasured heritage). And it's been slipping down grateful Irish throats ever since.

So this year, as you shed a tear for the Rare Oul' Times, just look into your pint of Fürstenberg and reflect: it hasn't been a bad millennium after all, hoh?



No Liffey bridge meant Dubliners had to wet their feet. No Fürstenberg meant they couldn't wet their whistles.

FÜRSTENBERG



The authentic taste
in German lager